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Mr. Karl Hoagland, Deer Park, N. Y.: "Always a great skeptic—for the first time a product did what it claimed. Using the Sauna Belt twice in one week, I lost 2½ inches from my waistline. A 'Blue Ribbon' for Sauna Belt."

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LETTERS

The First and Real Americans

Sir: The American Indian [Feb. 9] is truly one of the most tragic figures in American history, having been enslaved, starved, robbed of his land and finally shoved into a dark corner by his "white masters." It is ironic that he is treated as a foreigner by people who are less American than he. Thousands of Indians live and die without ever knowing what the phrase "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" really means.

CHRISTOPHER MEHNE

Valhalla, N.Y.

Sir: To have tamed and broken the hold spirit of these magnificent people, while molding them into submissiveness, bears resemblance to the sin of taming all wild stallions to pull a plow and letting the eagle become extinct.

(MRS.) CAROL ELPERS

Norwalk, Ohio

Sir: As a resident of Wyoming, constantly derided for my "cowboy and Indian" heritage, I can assure you that your maudlin exposé on the American Indian will serve the sole purpose of enhancing the Indian's position as a curiosity piece along American highways.

STEVE RODERMEL

New Haven, Conn.

Sir: In an otherwise thoughtful article, you mentioned Senator Edward Kennedy's concern for Indians but omitted any reference to the contribution to Indians made by Arizona's Senators Paul Fannin and Barry Goldwater and by Representative Sam Steiger. American Indians do not need more concern; they need more help. We Arizonans are proud of the important contribution American Indians have made and are making to our state and nation. And we are likewise proud of the effects of our congressional delegation in helping them gain equal opportunity. Please remind your writers, and perhaps Senator Kennedy, that the age of rhetoric is over; the time for action is at hand.

CHARLES R. MCDOWELL

Phoenix, Ariz.

Sir: Perhaps the American Indian has some right to be indignant at being misnamed by "some dumb honky who got lost," to use the words of a Berkeley student whom TIME ironically refers to as a "Sioux"—a good old honky name for the Lakota or Dakota people. But then, so would the Inuit, who were misnamed "Eskimo" by their traditional enemy, the "Indians." No racial insult was intended in the first misnaming—I'm sure plenty was intended in the second! And by the way, the artist whose photo you show is probably no more an Indian than is his pottery tableau of three Eskimos wearing Inland Caribou dress and whimsically seated on the edge of an oversize Eskimo cooking lamp. My educated guess is that the artist is Tegumlak of Rankin Inlet, Northwest Territory, Canada. As a part Abenaki, I think we can afford to give our fellow "Americans" credit where credit is due, and the position of the Eskimo in the modern art world is creditable.

PHILIP H. GRAY

Bozeman, Mont.

Sir: I was an "inmate" of one of the BIA schools. The school offered no courses in math higher than arithmetic, no lan-

guages, no electives, and only elementary science classes. What we were offered was regimentation, strict segregation from the white kids in town and an insidious way of robbing us of our dignity by the staff, both Indian and white.

We're now beginning to regain a vestige of our racial pride, and I think we're learning we must unite and stop trying to show our puppy-dog good will by laying a hatful of feathers and an honorary chieftainship on every "white savior" that comes among us. Maybe a few arrows in the gluteus maximus would be more apropos.

CARTER A. CAMP

Escondido, Calif.

Sir: I thought it was an excellent article, and our religion teacher read it to us. I appreciate your concern with the Indians because we have a big school for Indians as our next-door neighbor. We have been helping them in religion trying to get more on God's side.

MIMI MACKEY, Grade 6

St. Francis Xavier School
Phoenix, Ariz.

Sartorial Mickey?

Sir: Nixon's "palace guard" [Feb. 9] is more appropriately garbed for appearances outside Radio City Music Hall than the White House. Some costume designer slipped Dickie a sartorial Mickey?

(MRS.) HARRIETTE B. WAGNER

Norbrook, Ill.

Sir: It is very true that the White House guards were given a fitting ceremonial uniform. The usual U.S. police uniform is exactly the same as that of a night watchman. All hail Graustark, Ruritania and Danilio—the Hart, Schaffner & Marx of the Nixon Administration.

GEOFFREY C. DOYLE

San Juan, P.R.

Sir: It is very disturbing to me as an old Nixon dissliker, dating back to his first congressional race, to hear about the ball he is having as President. My only consolation after our last disastrous presidential election was that Mr. Nixon would realize what a world of unsolvable problems our head of state is burdened with. Instead, Mr. Nixon is having the time of his life—changing the uniforms of the White House police to resemble musical-comedy costumes, entertaining his Cabinet officers at his San Clemente home with dinner served on the Truman china flown to California especially for the occasion, etc. Meanwhile even the middle class, let alone the many poor, is finding it difficult to live on present income, and many smaller businesses are headed for disaster.

Enjoy your job, Mr. President. You worked hard and long to get it. But please don't flaunt it.

(MRS.) LILLIAN MEYERS

Roslyn Heights, N.Y.

Previous Paul Reverses

Sir: Your superb article on the environment [Feb. 2] will carry the message to millions who have not yet been reached by such clarion cries of alarm as Ecologists Cole, Commoner, Odum, Ehrlich and Watt. The tragedy is that a generation ago William Voigt (*The Road to Survival*) and Fairfield Osborn (*Our Plundered Planet*) and two generations ago John

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Muir were already playing Paul Revere and being largely ignored. We'll make it eventually, I think, but we're going to take one hell of a beating first.

MARTIN R. BRITTAN
Professor

Department of Biological Sciences
Sacramento State College
Sacramento, Calif.

Sir: You may not agree with what I said, but please criticize what I did say, not hearsay.

At the Science Conference I said (quoting from a dictionary) that ecology is "the branch of biology (BIOLOGY) that deals with the relations between living organisms and their environment." I hope that all of you who are talking about ecology are talking about what the dictionary says it's dealing with and not talking about preserving the rocks and strata of Alaska that have no relationship to any living organism. We're talking about trying to preserve Alaska as it is, trying to make sure that our sons and daughters can enjoy it the way it is, and if you want to come up here and join us, then God bless you, come and join us."

I did not say there are no living organisms on the North Slope—I have been there, and I know what is there.

To Alaskans, people who come from smog-ridden, polluted cities located on polluted lakes or rivers are hardly qualified to tell us what should or should not be done in our state. We listen to advice, but we rebel at being told what we must do by people who really don't know Alaska.

TED STEVENS
U.S. Senator, Alaska

Washington, D.C.

Sir: Imagine a container for beer, beans or pop made of a material the chemical

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structure of which is dependent upon the contents. Such a can, having served its function, would dissolve under the force of its emptiness, leaving only the sponsor's name in flakes of bright color free to fly with the wind.

DAVID TUCKER

Squaw Valley, Calif.

Sir: None of the 23,000 tons of daily refuse collected in New York City is dumped at sea, nor has it been for about 34 years. Seventeen percent of New York City is the result of sanitary-landfill operations, including Kennedy and LaGuardia airports, the World's Fair site at Flushing Meadow Park, Shea Stadium, Orchard Beach, Canarsie Beach, Marine Park with a 27-hole golf course, and the new United Nations School at the East River.

In five years we will have exhausted our landfills and will then have to seek other sites to accommodate the residue from our proposed new, pollution-free incinerators. Your recommendations will be welcome.

GRISWOLD L. MOELLER

Commissioner

The City of New York
Department of Sanitation
Manhattan

Sir: Needless to say, I was greatly surprised to see TIME echoing the now thoroughly discredited charge that seals were killed as a result of the Santa Barbara Channel oil spill.

Evidence disproving the charge has been a matter of widespread public record for many months. To cite just a few of the many scientific studies conducted:

A team that included the director of the National Wildlife Health Foundation and the president of the Humane Society of the U.S. reported that the seals on San Miguel Island showed no signs of injury from oil pollution.

The U.S. Department of the Interior concluded that "there is no evidence that deaths of seals or sea lions on [San Miguel] Island could be attributed to oil pollution."

The Superintendent of the Channel Islands National Monument, National Park Service, stated that "I defy anyone to go out and find a whale, seal or fish killed by oil. The animals along this coast have lived with oil all their lives, oil from natural seeps."

FRANK N. IKARD
President

American Petroleum Institute
Manhattan

Man and Society

Sir: Milton Yellin's letter [Feb. 9] would seem to blame Christianity for what he calls "the holocaust in Nigeria with its 2,000,000 dead." Many millions of sensitive Christians are more moral and Christian than the governments under which they live. Governments act on the basis of expedience and are therefore amoral, while the true Christian's view of responsibility is vastly superior in a humanitarian sense to that of his government. Reinhold Niebuhr's phrase, "Moral Man in an Immoral Society," suggests a vital distinction between a Christian and the society in which he lives. To make such a sweeping generalization as Mr. Yellin appears to make without taking the broader view reminds us of Gilbert Chesterton's statement: "All generalizations are false, including this one."

(THE REV.) H. DANIEL HAWVER
Needham, Mass.

Just Julius

Sir: Judge Hoffman missed by more than a quarter-century being the first Chicago jurist to bear the label "Julius the Just" [Feb. 9]. During a seminar held at Northwestern University Law School in 1945, the late distinguished Judge Julius Miner was asked whether he was aware that he was frequently referred to as "Julius the Just." With characteristic wit he replied immediately: "Yes, but I think of myself as just Julius."

Just to keep the record straight, attachment of the tag to Judge Miner was by no means sardonic.

MAURICE H. SCHY

Surfside, Fla.

Sweet Revenge

Sir: Regarding the recent machinicide [Feb. 9], I must relate an incident that happened at a local steel mill: a milk-vending machine was destroyed by an angry crane-man after he lost 15¢ to it. He maneuvered his crane over the automatic "bandit," raised it 15 feet in the air and let it drop.

I wonder if that crane-man will take his own milk-filled thermos bottle to his next place of employment?

THOMAS T. ESKILSON

Gary, Ind.

Decisive Definition

Sir: The *American College Dictionary* (since the accent is on youth) defines obscene as: "offensive to modesty and decency," which is how Mr. James Aubrey characterizes the love scenes between Burt Lancaster and myself [Feb. 9], in an obvious reference to *The Gypsy Moths*, an MGM film that predates his assumption of supreme power in Culver City.

It seems to me, however, that age is not a prime factor in determining what is offensive to modesty and decency. A film about young people can be equally obscene as one about middle-aged people in love, the aesthetic sense of the director and the artists involved providing the all-important, decisive element.

I realize, of course, that to argue aesthetics with Mr. Aubrey would be quite futile, as the producer of *The Beverly Hills Cop* is apparently a stranger to "the science which deduces from nature and taste the rules and principles of art" (*American College Dictionary* again). It would be like arguing honor with a mule. Or a cobra.

DEBORAH KERR

Klosters, Switzerland

Address Letters to TIME, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
March 2, 1970 Vol. 95 No. 9

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

"The Future Holds Thee"

At the near edge of the '70s, Americans have a sense that they—and perhaps the rest of mankind—are approaching a future uniquely and utterly unknown, except for its dangers. Pollution succeeds nukes as the likeliest means of self-destruction. The Russians and Chinese may never attack, but what about the black and white radicals at home? And what if such rebellions should arouse a repression presided over by ideological jack-boots? There are historical patterns of such moods, recurring cycles of hope and dread. Nearly a century ago, in the midst of the American industrial revolution, Walt Whitman wrote a kind of sermon to America on its future. Except for his rambunctious optimism—a quality that would now seem at least reckless—he might have been talking to the nation today.

*The storm shall dash thy face
the muck of war and wars
than war shall cover Thee all over
(Wert capable of war, its tug
and trials? be capable of
peace, its trials)*

*For the tug and mortal storm
of nations comes at last in
prosperous peace, not war)*

*But thou shalt face thy fortunes
thy diseases and surmount them
all*

*The Present holds Thee not—
for such vast growth as thine
I or such unparallel'd flight as
thine such brood as thine*

*The future only holds Thee,
and can hold Thee*

Nowhere to Go

Nearly 2,000 New Yorkers die every week, having seen the last of big-city woes—among them bad service, infuriating transit breakdowns, crowded public facilities, garbage strikes that bury their streets in offal. Since Jan. 12 they have had to submit to one final posthumous outrage. With Local 365, Cemetery Workers and Greens Attendants, out on strike, 42 of the city's cemeteries have been closed down. In mortuary storage rooms, tool sheds, warehouses and cemetery driveways, thousands of coffins are stacked like cord wood, awaiting a settlement. If the strike goes on for another few weeks, there will even be a shortage of space for the coffins.



DAY D. DELONGER



TOM HAYDEN



RENN F. DAVIS



JERRY RUBIN



ABBIE HOFFMAN

Verdict on

A GAIN, Chicago. Again, a deeply symbolic conflict, an emotional and ideological division in the country. After the 1968 Democratic Convention, Americans were divided between those who backed the police against what seemed to them the outrageous and obscene attacks of young rioters, and those who felt that the demonstrators had been brutalized by Mayor Richard Daley's cops. This time, Americans were divided between those who saw Federal Judge Julius Hoffman as upholding the American judicial system and the sanctity of the courts against outrageous, sometimes filthy attacks by the Chicago Seven, and those who thought that, however impossible their behavior, the defendants were being victimized by a bad law and a biased judge. From all possible indications, the vast majority backed the cops then, and back Hoffman now. Without question, the Seven did indeed deliberately and dangerously assault the System—a System that, for all its faults, does protect dissenters and minorities. But the issue could not and did not end there.

As the trial closed, Vice President Spiro Agnew gave voice to what many feel when he denounced the Chicago defendants as "anarchists and social misfits" during a speech at a Republican fund-raising dinner in St. Paul. "Fortunately for America," said Agnew, "the system proved equal to the challenge. That jury came in with an American result." New York's Mayor John Lindsay was of a different mind. "All of us, I think, see in that trial a lawdramatic parody of our judicial system," he said. "When a trial becomes fundamentally an examination of political acts and beliefs, then guilt or innocence becomes almost irrelevant." Protests, many of them violent, broke out against the Chicago convictions in cities and on campuses around the land. The trial was not only

PROTESTERS MARCHING



the Chicago Seven: From Court to Country

a symptom of the division in America, it also deepened it.

The five months of testimony and argument had barely come to an end with the jury dispatched to ponder its verdict, when Judge Hoffman began handing out contempt-of-court sentences that ranged from two months and 18 days for Lee Weiner to 29 months and 16 days for David Dellinger. With characteristic, outrageous hyperbole, Dellinger protested, the System "wants us to be like good Jews and just go quietly to the gas chambers." At that point, his daughter Natasha, who had been with her sister Michelle at the trial, clapped her hands twice, and a kicking, punching melee ensued between two U.S. marshals and the defendants, their friends and relatives.

Incredible Statement. Chief Defense Attorney William Kunstler, reduced to tears of resentment and frustration, pleaded with the judge, "Take me next. Let me be next." Kunstler got four years and 13 days for contempt, his associate, Leonard Weinglass, was sentenced to 20 months and five days. Hoffman told them, "Crime, if it is on the rise, is due in large part to the fact that waiting in the wings are lawyers who are willing to go beyond professional responsibility, professional rights, professional duties, in their defense of a criminal." That statement, like others from Hoffman, seemed incredible: American judicial tradition dictates that, no matter what the crime, a defendant is entitled to full, vigorous representation.

In the Federal Building jury room and then in the Palmer House hotel, the jury of ten women and two men argued and horse-traded for four days before reaching a verdict on the charges against the Chicago Seven—which were that they had conspired to incite a riot during the 1968 convention, and that

they had individually crossed state lines with intent to foment a riot. In the long days of the trial, the jurors—ordinary Americans perplexed by the impassioned pleas and portentous issues set before them—had almost become forgotten people. At first a majority of eight, including the two men, favored convicting all of the defendants of both conspiracy and the individual charges. Three women insisted on complete acquittal, one vacillated between the two camps. Agreement was finally reached late at night, with each faction holed up in a separate hotel room, through the mediating efforts of one of the majority—the youngest juror, Kay Richards, 23, a computer operator.

"Feelings were so high, with the two groups against each other, we just didn't feel at ease in there in the jury room together," Miss Richards said later. By her account, "three women thought the law the defendants were indicted under was unconstitutional." That is a question for an appeals court, she explained to them, not for the jury. "So we agreed we should not be a hung jury. We decided to compromise, and it was just a question of how to compromise." Said another juror, Mrs. Ruth Petersen, 44, who favored conviction on both counts for all and admitted that there was not one of the defendants she really liked. "Half a chicken is better than none at all. We were all anxious to go home." Jurors are often moved by just such sentiments, but they rarely confess it so bluntly.

Finally, the jury reached a verdict. For all seven defendants, on the conspiracy counts of the indictment not guilty. For five of them—Dellinger, Rennie Davis, Tom Hayden, Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin—on the count that they had crossed state lines and acted individually to encourage a riot: guilty as charged. The other two defendants, John Froines and Lee Weiner, were acquitted on the second count as well.

Jail Terms. Before sentencing the five convicted men Judge Hoffman sat back in his deep chair and let them make statements free from interruption. Dellinger:

"Like George III, you are trying to hold back the tide of history, you are trying to hold back a second American revolution." Abbie Hoffman, "I'm an outlaw. I always knew free speech wasn't allowed in present-day America." Hayden: "They were bound to put us away." Rubin: "This is the happiest moment of my life." Davis, "My jury will be in the streets tomorrow all over the country." Defense Attorney Kunstler protested that Judge Hoffman was "wrong legally and morally" to sentence the defendants only two days after the verdict. "To say I am morally wrong," Hoffman replied, "can only add to your present troubles."

Hoffman then sentenced each of the

five convicted under the antiriot law to maximum jail terms of five years and imposed on each a \$5,000 fine, half the allowable maximum. The jail terms are to run concurrently with the contempt sentences, so that none will have to serve more than five years in all—even if appeals fail and no paroles are granted. But Hoffman added an unusual zinger: The five will have to pay portions of the costs of their own prosecution.* The total costs could run as high as \$50,000. They will stay in jail, said the judge, until both the fines and the costs are paid. He also refused to let the five out on bond pending appeal, calling them "dangerous men." The lawyers, however, were allowed their freedom to begin the appeal.

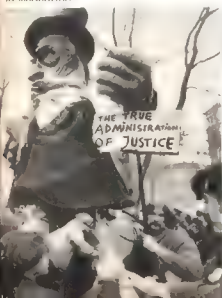
Endless Provocations. The trial thus ended with the same total hostility and mutual incomprehension that stained it from the start, and it left basic legal questions unresolved (see box, page 10). Both sides confirmed each other's prejudices. If the defendants and their lawyers seemed determined to provoke Judge Hoffman and convert the courtroom into an arena for political confrontation, the prosecution and the bench often came across as heavy-handed, harsh enforcers of questionable statutes.

The defendants' provocations were ingenious and seemingly endless. They delivered songs and poems from the witness stand; two of the accused showed up wearing what looked like judges' robes. They irked Hoffman by calling him "Julie." Often their words and actions were vicious. While Assistant Prosecutor Richard Schultz was examining one witness, he claims, "Rennie Davis moved over and kept whispering things like 'You dirty fascist Jew!'"

For his part, Judge Hoffman issued

* Although the practice is uncommon in federal district courts, judges may assess certain costs of prosecution against convicted criminal defendants, except in a capital case.

IN MANHATTAN



KUNSTLER & MICHELLE DELLINGER



STONING STORE WINDOWS IN BERKELEY



JUDGE JULIUS HOFFMAN

DEFENDANTS' WIVES BURNING ROBES



a series of astonishing rulings. He jailed two lawyers for failing to appear in court, even though they had only helped to prepare the defense. He barred such potentially important defense witnesses as former Attorney General Ramsey Clark and Civil Rights Leader Ralph Abernathy. Before the jury, he praised Chief Prosecutor Thomas Aquinas Foran and put down Defense Attorney Weinglass by consistently mispronouncing his name.

Observed Weinglass: "Where you had a prosecutor who was honestly and sincerely convinced that these men were evil and were out to overthrow the Government, and you had the Seven also honestly and sincerely convinced that the Government which was prosecuting them is fascistic—given those factors, you could not have an orderly proceeding." Attorney Kunstler argued "It's against the law to kill—yet people kill all the time to protect their families and the law allows it. What's to happen in a courtroom when the judge commits an injustice?" The regular appellate process, as he sees it, is no longer adequate to judge the judges. He explained: "I never was this way before. I re-evaluated the role of the lawyer in a political case, and concluded that he has to develop a certain aggressiveness even though it may run counter to the rules the system has devised."

Draconian Rulings. Few lawyers would agree with his conclusion. But even Administration officials who favored the prosecution privately confess to dismay at Judge Hoffman's performance as trial judge. They feel that he was too old and too insensitive for the task, and that his Draconian rulings and severe contempt sentences obscured the charges against the defendants. However, Deputy Attorney General Richard Kleindienst put a cheerful face on the outcome. "We think it's a good result," he said. "We felt the evidence justified conviction on the conspiracy charge, but that's what juries are for." Kleindienst added that the Government will not hesitate to invoke the conspiracy

The Legal

AT the root of the problems raised by the Chicago trial is the old puzzle of how far a free society should go in regulating inflammatory expression. The First Amendment guarantees free speech, but a government's equal duty is to preserve domestic peace, and as Justice Holmes noted, "Every idea is an incitement." The U.S. is no exception to the rule that in times of violent dissent, political speeches can become fighting words, and rights get bent in the process. Before the Bill of Rights was seven years old, the Federalist Administration of John Adams invoked the Alien and Sedition Acts to prosecute no one more seditious than newspaper editors who supported the opposing Democratic-Republican Party. The World War I Espionage and Sedition Acts were used to arrest 2,000 antiwar dissenters who dared to utter or write "disloyal" statements about the flag or the Government.

Inviting Dispute. The Supreme Court upheld the Espionage Act, but also voiced a memorable concept: Justices Holmes and Louis Brandeis argued that even the most revolutionary rhetoric is protected unless it poses a "clear and present danger" of inciting insurrection. Though never accepted as official doctrine, that idea eventually helped expand the boundaries of protected protest. Speaking for the court in 1963, Justice Potter Stewart approvingly quoted a lower court's reminder that "a function of free speech under our system of government is to invite dispute. It may, indeed, best serve its function when it induces a condition of unrest, or even stirs people to anger."

By that standard, the Chicago case started when Mayor Richard Daley barred permits for antiwar demonstrations near the Democratic Convention. "Prior restraint" is usually illegal without solid proof that irreparable harm will ensue; yet many law-enforcement officials, including then Attorney General Ramsey Clark, thought violence was avoidable. Undoubtedly some extremists were bent on provoking trouble, and they were aided when Daley's refusal to negotiate

statute again "when we come up with a set of facts" that justifies it.

The rebels, though decrying their treatment, exulted in their martyrdom. Rennie Davis offered a challenge to Prosecuting Attorney Thomas Foran. Said Davis: "When I get out I'm going to move right next door to Mr. Foran and I'm going to turn his kids into Viet Cong." Abbie Hoffman's wife Anita proclaimed: "If there wasn't a conspiracy before, there sure as hell is one now." As a practical matter, however, the radical movement has lost—at least for the time being—some of its shrewdest and most daring leaders. Thus the violent antiwar left, like the Black Pan-

Issues: Justice and Politics

angered thousands of young people. The police were severely harassed, but they in turn treated demonstrators so harshly that the Walker Commission called the subsequent disorders a "police riot." Nixon's new Attorney General John Mitchell made the decision to prosecute a symbolic cross-section of demonstration leaders, thereby moving the issues into the courts.

Seeking a Soapbox. Further problems were almost inevitable, since most legal scholars have serious constitutional doubts about the 1968 federal anti-riot law that Mitchell used. The law bans interstate travel or communication with intent to "incite or encourage" a riot, and it sweepingly defines a riot as any demonstration involving as few as three people and one act of violence endangering property or other people. According to some scholars, anyone who crosses a state line intending to join a demonstration that becomes violent now runs the risk of Government prosecution, even though others incite the ruckus. As critics see it, the law might deter even orderly expressions of grievances—and is unnecessary, since every state already has numerous laws for punishing incitement or disorderly conduct.

If the law is dubious, how should those prosecuted under it behave in the courtroom? The American judicial system has a time-honored answer: face trial with dignity and decorum, appeal a conviction and trust a higher court to void the law if need be. When Dr. Benjamin Spock was tried for inciting draft dodgers, for example, he made a sincere and orderly defense; his conviction was reversed on appeal. By choosing, instead, to disrupt their trial through guerrilla tactics, the Chicago defendants and their lawyers not only forfeited the sympathy of the majority of the public, but also lost the moral authority they might have brought into the courtroom. They reasoned that they had been made victims of a "political trial." Indeed, the chief evidence that U.S. Attorney Thomas Aquinas Foran used to prove their intent by their beliefs—what they wrote

and said that supposedly inflamed thousands of people to join the melee. The Seven wanted to elaborate on those beliefs and make the court a soapbox—all deemed irrelevant to the trial of their specific conduct.

If the defendants lost the moral authority of their cause, so did Judge Hoffman by betraying what many legal observers consider clear prejudice for the prosecution. Could Hoffman have handled himself and the case differently? Nothing quite like it has ever happened in a U.S. courtroom before. In the 1949 trial of eleven Communists for conspiring to advocate violent overthrow of the Government, Defendant Eugene Dennis insisted on representing himself. Though he and lawyers for the others hurled charges of unfairness at U.S. District Judge Harold Medina, they stopped well short of the bitter insults employed by the Chicago group. In 1966, one of three savagely hostile convicts charged with escaping from a Pennsylvania penitentiary told Pittsburgh Judge Albert A. Fio: "If I can't get my rights legally, I'll have to blow your head off. You understand that, punk?" Fio understood enough to clap the three into gags and straitjackets.

"Divine Right." Still, judges' chief weapons are patience and scrupulous fairness toward unfamiliar ways of living. When twelve of the "Milwaukee 14" were tried last June for burglary, arson and theft during a raid on a draft board, County Judge Charles L. Larson, 62, quietly lectured the aggressive defendants on his reasons for overruling many defense tactics and overlooked minor outbursts. After their convictions, he also sentenced five of them to ten days or \$50 for contempt. Their behavior did not reach Chicago proportions, but they went to jail martyrs to the draft, not the judicial system.

By contrast, Hoffman upset lawyers by his punitive use of summary contempt, the instant enforcer that empowers a judge to maintain order by acting as prosecutor, chief witness, judge,

jury and sentencer. The power goes back to the days when judges were representatives of the King and had the authority to enforce respect for the monarch's "divine right." Decorum can work in a defendant's favor by preventing unruly behavior that might prejudice the jury against him. Yet Hoffman, in meting out more than 17 years' worth of contempt sentences, apparently tried to get around a Supreme Court decision that requires a jury trial whenever a man faces a sentence exceeding six months. Thus he gave Defense Attorney William Kunstler four years, 13 days—in small, consecutive doses. Example: for one offense (not sitting down when ordered to), Kunstler drew varied sentences of 7, 14, 21 and 30 days.

Old Lesson. Obviously Hoffman had good reason to cite Kunstler and Wein-glass, to say nothing of their clients. But the size of the lawyers' sentences left many legal experts aghast—and concerned about the possible effect on some lawyers who may now be less willing to represent controversial clients vigorously. Said San Francisco Attorney Naomi Litvin Helm: "The judge had to do something. But four years for acting up in a courtroom is a hell of a long time when you consider what some people get for an actual crime of violence."

Appeals may well soften those sentences and probe potentially reversible errors by Hoffman. But the outcome may be confusing. Although the Chicago Seven were acquitted of conspiracy—thanks to the jury that most of them disdained—the courtroom warfare may make it unnecessary for an appeals court to rule on the constitutionality of the anti-riot law on First Amendment grounds. Whatever the result, the Chicago trial underscores an old lesson: courts are poor places for resolving ideological conflicts. In a strong democracy, such cases should not be inevitable in times of social stress. When they do occur, the judicial process that stands between reason and brute force must be respected by the judged as well as the judge. It was not respected in Chicago, and the U.S. is poorer for that fact.

thers, will doubtless suffer from a vacuum at the top.

But there are still many sympathizers at the bottom. In Manhattan, some 1,500 youths demonstrated, some set upon police with snowballs, rocks, bottles, and chunks of metal. Some 25,000 turned out to protest in Boston, about twelve were beaten to the ground by police. Bank windows in Ann Arbor were broken during a march of 2,000 protesters.

Rioters smashed the windows of more than 95 businesses in Berkeley and eight buildings in Palo Alto, including Stanford's Hoover Library. Seattle found itself in the middle of its worst outbreak of violence in decades some in a crowd

of 2,000 demonstrators broke bank windows and lobbed blue paint bombs, rocks and tear-gas grenades at the entrance to the federal courthouse before 290 nightstick-swinging police dispersed them. In Washington, D.C., a group of 500—chanting, "Two, four, six, eight, liberate the Watergate"—marched on the luxury Potomac-side apartment complex that houses a number of high Nixon Administration officials, including Attorney General John Mitchell.

What makes the case of the Chicago Seven special is the breakdown of discipline in a court of law, a problem unparalleled even in celebrated trials of this century that carried strong political

overtones—Sacco and Vanzetti, Alger Hiss, the eleven Communist leaders in the 1949 Dennis case. Undoubtedly a greater share of the blame for the breakdown rests on the defendants than on the judge. Still, Boston Attorney Herbert Ehrmann, who defended Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti in the 1920s, says of the Chicago trials, "The conduct of the judge and the actions of the defendants were all disgraceful. The whole episode was a disgrace to American justice." The American judicial system as a whole is far sounder than the trial suggested. But few events have put that system to such a brutal test as the case of the Chicago Seven.

End of Reconstruction

BLACK Americans have known two major eras that promised racial justice. The first came during the Civil War and Reconstruction. The second, amounting to another Reconstruction, occurred during the late '50s and the '60s, when at various times the three branches of the Federal Government made common cause with the civil rights movement, "an idea whose time has come." Only months ago, integration seemed an irreversible process. Now it seems that the idea's time is waning, that, as happened 93 years ago, a racial Reconstruction may be collapsing. The pattern coalesced last week with extraordinary swiftness.

► The White House ordered the firing of Leon Panetta, the liberal lawyer who heads the civil rights division of the Department of Health, Education and Wel-

fare Panetta, 31, was forced out because of his allegedly excessive zeal in coercing Southern school districts to integrate under threat of losing their federal subsidies. "Panetta," explained a White House source, "was doing his thing, not the President's thing." The ouster further weakened the position of HEW Secretary Robert Finch, one of the few progressive counterweights to conservative influence on the racial issue in the Administration's top echelon. It also raised the suspicion that Education Commissioner James E. Allen, an other liberal subordinate of Finch's, might soon be forced out.

► By 145 to 122, the House sent through three related riders, two of them devised by Mississippian Jamie Whitten. They would sanction the South's "freedom-of-choice" plans, which offer a rationale for continued dual school systems, and would discourage the busing of pupils to achieve racial balance.

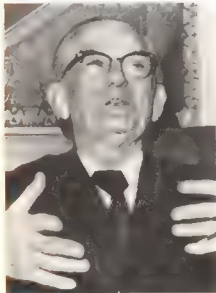
In purely legal terms, the Senate and House votes may come to little. The Stennis amendment, attached to a \$35 billion aid-to-education bill, faces a vote in the House and then a House-Senate conference, where the members, mostly

tematic destruction of all the gains made in the 1960s." There was a sense that a new corner had been turned, that a different standard of ethics was operating, that the new trend would continue. Tallahassee's Judge G. Harrold Carswell seemed relatively certain of Senate confirmation, and Southerners believed that with more vacancies to come as septuagenarian Justices depart, "strict constructionism" will be well represented. If HEW's power continues to sink, the administrative push needed to enforce the law in individual cases will suffer accordingly.

Southern conservatives were encouraged to think that what they consider their long persecution had ended. The Stennis amendment declares that the guilt of segregation is nationwide—which is certainly true—and so the penalties for failing to desegregate must apply to Northern cities, with their ghettos, as well as the South. Connecticut's liberal Senator Abraham Ribicoff astonished both segregationists and civil rights advocates by agreeing with Stennis and backing the amendment. Doing so, Ribicoff broke the liberal lines and introduced a new logic.

Co-opting Wallace. The idea of Stennis' amendment is formally correct. Morally, there should be no distinction between the legally established dual educational systems of the South and the school segregation of the North, usually resulting, *de facto*, from housing patterns. Yet the idea is also subversive. The *de facto* separation of the North has still not been declared unconstitutional by the courts. Assaulting it across the board would represent a virtually impossible enforcement problem in many cities, whereas the *de jure* segregation of the South could legally be broken down. If the Stennis amendment became official policy, it would stretch the Justice Department's enforcement resources so thin that desegregation would be markedly slowed down. The Stennis-Ribicoff logic suggests that school integration cannot occur unless and until all U.S. society changes—so that the classroom would become not the first but the last place to integrate. If anything is to change according to this formula, integration must occur in such fields as jobs and housing—and it remains in doubt what the backers of the Stennis amendment are willing to do about that. To proclaim sectional equality in order to prevent racial inequality has become at once Southern strategy, liberal confusion and a kind of moral Catch-22.

President Nixon has allowed the impression to spread that his "gradualism" on desegregation is a political maneuver to co-opt George Wallace's constituency and placate other whites who think that blacks have come too far too fast. "The Administration," says Southern historian C. Vann Woodward, "is in tune with the reaction and quite accommodating to it." The White House greeted questions about the segregationists



SENATOR STENNIS



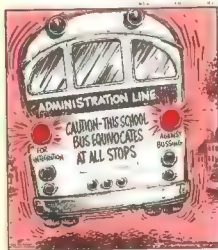
LEON PANETTA

The idea's time is waning.

liberals from the congressional education committees, may dilute the rider or scrap it. Besides, the amendment is framed as "a policy of the U.S. Government," which lacks the force of law. The House anti-busing and freedom-of-choice provisions must go to the Senate and then to joint conference. Further, the amendments are part of a \$19.4 billion Labor-HEW appropriation bill that Nixon has vetoed once as inflationary and may well reject again for economic reasons.

► The Senate, by 56 to 36, passed an amendment sponsored by Mississippi's John Stennis—that seems to require the North as well as the South to abandon segregated schools. Actually, the measure amounted to acquiescence to

End of Persecution. The cumulative psychological impact of the measures, however, plus the firing of Panetta, delighted segregationists. "The lamp of liberty shines brighter," triumphantly announced Mississippi Governor John Bell Williams, Echoed Georgia's Lester Maddox: "I'm really thrilled by this." Replied the Urban League's Whitney Young: "We are in the throes of a sys-



amendments with ambivalence. When Senate G.O.P. Leader Hugh Scott, for example, tried to head off the Stennis amendment with a more innocuous rider, Presidential Counsellor Bryce Harlow sent around a note saying, "Your amendment is Administration language." But Harlow added, "other approaches would also accord with the President's basic objective—racial equality." The "other approach" was that of John Stennis.

Distorted Cries. Late last summer Nixon promised "a middle course, meaning that the South can go slow. The question remains what the Supreme Court will decide, having ordered last fall that integration must occur." Says Panetta: "There is no such thing as the status quo in the desegregation effort. You're either going to move forward or backward. The real danger is that the White House is listening to distorted cries about arguments such as busing and is backing away from the real issues."

More deeply, the question concerns presidential leadership. Confronted last week by a television interviewer, Spiro Agnew described the presidential position as "a responsibility to enforce the laws of the land." Surely a President's franchise is larger than a sheriff's. Americans look to him for moral leadership.

Everyone—or nearly everyone—agrees that the process of school desegregation has involved instances of injustice and stupidity. Busing is the most objectionable tool. Yet in many districts it is the only tool that promises to be effective. The question Nixon has yet to answer is whether he prefers a retrenchment because he may have a better solution in mind—a way to break up the ghettos of the North, for example—or whether, out of political or other motives, he would keep the status quo. Nixon could argue, of course, that most of the nation is simply not ready for the changes, and cannot be pushed too hard. But such an argument makes new and perhaps dangerous demands upon the black American's exhausted patience.

The World of Richard Nixon

We are not involved in the world because we have commitments; we have commitments because we are involved. Our interests must shape our commitments, rather than the other way around.

SEKING, as always, to make "one thing clear," Richard Nixon succeeded last week in doing exactly that. He submitted to Congress a voluminous (40,000-word, 119-page) "State of the World" message that confirmed a significant change in U.S. foreign policy. American interest will be defined with more discrimination than before. Commitment of resources—financial and human—will be more cautious. Allies will be asked to share burdens more fully than before.

Billed by Nixon as the most comprehensive such statement ever made, the State of the World is too long, too obvious in spots, and often self-serving. It is also short on specific means to be employed to settle some problems. But the message served an important purpose nonetheless. Nixon has long been concerned about the nation's lack of a cohesive foreign policy, distinctly proclaimed to the world. His adviser for national security affairs, Henry Kissinger, has shared that concern.

Giant Step. Nixon's message, of which Kissinger is the principal author, defines global objectives for the coming decade. Further, it treats the subject as a whole instead of a collection of separate problems. And it does so in a cool tone that allows realism to outweigh verbal flourishes. Nixon emphasizes not involvement, but rather more credible involvement. Thus he takes a qualified step back from the doctrine of

almost automatic intervention in hemispheric affairs that drew the Johnson Administration into the Dominican Republic, a giant step from John Kennedy's rhetorical commitment to intervene anywhere in defense of liberty. Moreover, he abandons the belief, which he himself once held, that the world, threatened by a monolithic Communist bloc, must rely on U.S. military and economic power for survival.

Instead, the "Nixon Doctrine" recognizes that "others now have the ability and responsibility to deal with local disputes which once might have required our intervention." Echoing his Cuban declaration, the President says: "The United States will participate in the defense and development of allies, but . . . America cannot—and will not—conceive all the plans, design all the programs, execute all the decisions and undertake all the defense of the free nations of the world."

1½ Wars. Nor will the Pentagon base its planning on the assumption that the U.S. will intervene in conflicts throughout the world. That notion produced the "2½-war" strategy, under which the Joint Chiefs of Staff—without success—tried to maintain general-purpose forces adequate to fight major wars in both Europe and Asia, and a smaller action elsewhere. But under the Nixon plan, the U.S. will switch to a "1½-war" strategy that will enable it to fight a major war in either Europe or Asia or a minor action somewhere else.

Nixon insists that the reduction in conventional military strength will in no way limit U.S. ability to meet its treaty commitments to any nation. But it will place a heavier burden on Amer-



U.S. TROOPS TRAINING GREEKS IN GERMANY
Commitment with credibility.



U.S. FORCES LEAVING DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
Toward a stable foreign policy.

ican allies and bring about important foreign policy changes in several areas of U.S. interest. Specifically:

EUROPE Describing the Continent as the cornerstone of a durable peace, Nixon stresses U.S. determination to remain in Europe: "We can no more disengage from Europe than from Alaska." But "disengage" is a relative term. A mutual reduction of forces, if the Russians agree, is one goal. Increased military efforts by the West Europeans is another. In any event, though Nixon pledges continued support for NATO, he declines to commit the U.S. to maintain its current troop strength of 310,000 on the Continent beyond mid-1971.

MIDDLE EAST Convinced that peace can come about only through direct negotiations between the nations involved in the Mideast conflict, the U.S. will continue its efforts to bring both sides together. But Nixon views any Soviet quest for "predominance" in the area as a matter of grave concern, and sees small hope of a Mideast settlement until the U.S.S.R. shows signs of a serious desire for a relaxation of tensions. Until a settlement is reached, however, the U.S. will continue its present policy of providing arms to Israel to help maintain the balance of military power in the region. By emphasizing the importance of negotiations now, Nixon seems to be supporting the Israeli position, and that is how the antagonists read him.

VIET NAM. The U.S. will continue the program outlined in Nixon's Nov. 3 speech and seek peace in Southeast Asia through two means—Vietnamization and negotiation. The U.S., Nixon re-

ports, has made progress at the former, but not at the latter. Nor does Nixon see any signs of an impending Paris breakthrough, though he remains cautiously hopeful. By implication Nixon's steadfast support for the present Saigon regime prevents any realistic hope of negotiation. Still, the President insists that the U.S. is ready to negotiate on any point but self-determination for the people of South Viet Nam. "The key to peace lies in Hanoi."

THE U.S.S.R. Complaining strongly about Soviet activity in the Middle East and its support of North Viet Nam, Nixon finds current relations with Moscow "far from satisfactory." He expresses satisfaction, however, about the start in U.S.-Soviet negotiations on arms limitation and reaffirms U.S. readiness to meet with Kremlin leaders to discuss any matter. He also says that the U.S. while recognizing the Soviet Union's security interests in Eastern Europe, will continue the efforts begun during his 1969 visit to Rumania to improve relations with Communist nations.

ARMS CONTROL. Soviet missile strength is approaching, and may exceed, that of the U.S. The U.S.S.R. will have 1,290 ICBMs to the U.S.'s 1,054 by the end of the year, though the U.S. will maintain a lead in submarine-launched missiles, 656 to 300. Expressing dismay over the Soviet buildup, Nixon pledges that the U.S. will enhance its own security by going ahead with the Safeguard ABM program. Oddly, there is no mention of continuation of U.S. testing of multiple-warhead offense missiles, possibly because the U.S. hopes to discuss controls on the numbers of such weapons when the second round of arms limitation talks gets under way in Vienna April 16.

Welcome Weltschmerz. The President's message stimulated an immediate reaction abroad. The French press, resentful of American influence in Europe, generally welcomed Nixon's new *Weltschmerz* as a realistic view of a changing globe. But the Germans and the British, both leary about the possible withdrawal of American forces from Europe, were more cautious. Communist bloc reaction was restrained. Tass said that "the main aims of U.S. policy remain unchanged," pointed angrily to Nixon's decision to press ahead with the Safeguard program as evidence of continued American emphasis on military force as the basis of policy.

By contrast, reaction at home was conspicuously sparse. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield expressed general approval of the message. Senator Eugene McCarthy attacked Vietnamization as unlikely to succeed, and undesirable even if it did. But neither McCarthy's criticism nor the lack of congressional comment can diminish the importance of the President's message. With as much reason as rhetoric, the message takes a hard look at the world as it is and assigns to the U.S. a role it can credibly play in global affairs.

THE PRESIDENCY Alternative to the Draft

Winning over its youthful critics and antiwar antagonists has long been a major aim of the Nixon Administration. One move in that direction was the forced retirement of Lieut. General Lewis B. Hershey, 76, as director and aging symbol of the Selective Service System. The White House has also held out hope that the draft might be abolished altogether, but that notion is not highly popular on Capitol Hill. The President's choice to succeed Hershey, Pentagon Consultant Charles DiBona, 37, was scuttled by Senators who did not approve of his advocacy of a volunteer Army. Nevertheless, the Administration last week released a presidential commission's report urging that such a volunteer system be created within 16 months.

The 15-member group, headed by former Defense Secretary Thomas Gates, presented a range of cost estimates and strength scales, but seemed to favor a roster of about 2.5 million men. To hold that level without conscripts, said the Gates Commission, would cost about \$3.3 billion a year more than is now spent to support an active-duty force of 3,400,000 men. The extra funds would go toward raising military salaries and increasing such fringe benefits as housing and food allowances. Men with special skills would also be given extra pay. The commission's figures are sharply at odds with previous Pentagon estimates, which put the price of ending conscription as high as \$17 billion a year.

Under the Gates proposal, the volunteer force would be gradually recruited before the current Selective Service law expires in June of 1971. Young men still would register for induction, but would be subject to call only if Congress specifically authorized resumption of the draft.

The concept of a volunteer army has significant backing from both conser-



HERSHEY

Toward a volunteer army.

vatives and liberals (though some argue, unconvincingly, that it carries dangers of militarism). It is a highly innovative plan, and if Nixon fights for it vigorously, the effort could be one of his most popular moves. He took several other steps last week that, had they been taken by a Democratic President, would have drawn unhesitating applause from most liberals.

► Asked Congress to approve a constitutional amendment that would require a nationally uniform voting age of 18 for the election of the President, Vice President, Senate and House of Representatives. Other proposals before the Congress would include state and local elections in the lowered age group.

► Ordered a ban on the production and use of military toxins, which are dead but poisonous products of bacteria. He had earlier renounced the use of bacteriological warfare but had left the status of toxins in doubt.

► Urged the Senate to ratify a long-pending agreement worked out in the United Nations that would make genocide an international crime. The proposal has been languishing in the Senate since 1950, hung up in part over doubts as to its constitutionality.

► Announced, in a different vein, that he will not make any immediate changes in the nation's current policy on oil imports. A Cabinet task force had urged dropping import quotas, which are now assigned to each oil company, and instituting a system of protective tariffs instead. Such a change would have the effect of lowering domestic fuel prices. To the delight of the U.S. oil industry, Nixon said there must be talks with foreign countries and further study before any change is made.

THE SUPREME COURT

The Mediocrity Factor

Judge G. Harrold Carswell and his defenders, in responding to the most provocative attacks made on him, insist that he is not racist. Even granting him the point, is that negative credential sufficient qualification for serving on the U.S. Supreme Court? While much of the argument over Carswell's nomination has centered on his questionable civil rights record, an increasing number of legal scholars and Senators are asking whether he has the kind of legal mind that would enhance the nation's highest court.

As they dig into his background, the critics are finding the résumé of an affable, conventional Southerner, who gazes past the azaleas and well-trimmed lawns of his Tallahassee mansion at the nation's rebellious blacks with a lack of concern. His now-repudiated racist speech in 1948 could even conceivably have been an automatic acquiescence to a regional political ritual. He helped convert a Tallahassee public golf course threatened with integration in 1956 into a private club, once bought land that carried a racially restrictive

deed, and served as a director of a housing corporation for a Florida State University fraternity that excluded blacks. All those acts only conformed to the unfortunate facts of life in the Old South. Earl Warren, after all, once helped put thousands of Japanese-Americans into detention camps.

Slender Credentials. A more troublesome aspect of Carswell's career is his lack of distinction on the federal bench. Even one of his defenders, Florida State University's law school dean, Joshua Morse, admits "I cannot think of a single thing of Judge Carswell's



CARSWELL & WIFE

With a total lack of concern.

that I am familiar with." No one can cite any contribution by Carswell to judicial literature. Harvard Law Dean Derek C. Bok, seeking gentle words, says that "the public record of Judge Carswell's career and accomplishments clearly does not place him within even an ample list of the nation's more distinguished jurists." Yale Law Dean Louis H. Pollak states it more bluntly, claiming that Carswell "presents more slender credentials than any nominee for the Supreme Court put forth in this century."

Specifically, the scholars note that seven out of 24 of Judge Carswell's opinions in civil rights cases were reversed by higher courts. These critics also cite Carswell's dismissal in 1960 of the application of a federal prisoner who asked to be released from custody because he had not had legal counsel. The Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals reversed Carswell, ruling that at least a hearing on the action should have been held. Yet later on when an identical case came before

him Carswell dismissed the application again without a hearing. "In judging a judge," contends Pollak, "one must in fairness judge him in the light of the law as it stood at the time he decided." Pollak finds that "there is very little way of explaining" Carswell's reputation of his judicial error.

Solid Alternatives. Most legal scholars do not seem to object to Nixon's desire to appoint a Southerner and a Republican to the high court or to add a strict constitutional constructionist. But there are other judges who would meet Nixon's basic criteria and yet bring an

impressive legal record to the high court. They include Tennessee's U.S. District Judge William E. Miller, Virginia's U.S. District Judge Walter E. Hoffman and Stephen O'Connell, a former Florida State Supreme Court justice and now president of the University of Florida.

In spite of such rising doubts, Carswell's nomination was approved by the Senate Judiciary Committee last week, as expected, by a vote of 13 to 4. But opponents have also gained another delay of at least three weeks before the issue reaches the Senate floor. One Republican Senator who favors Carswell estimates that there might now be up to 40 votes against him. His opponents hope to persuade others, especially the key moderate Republicans, to be absent when the nomination comes up, rather than cast a vote for mediocrity. Even the Rev. Ralph David Abernathy, head of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, has revealed

that he would have much preferred the rejected Clement Haynsworth to Carswell on the ground that Haynsworth is more capable of appreciating a sophisticated argument.

INVESTIGATIONS

Banzhaf's Bandits

Once, ASH (Action on Smoking and Health) was John Banzhaf's only pressure group. Now he has CAP, PUMP, LASH, TUBE and SOUP. Startled industries and badgered regulatory agencies are suddenly painfully aware that Banzhaf's Bandits are abroad in Washington.

John F. Banzhaf III, 29, is the lawyer who staggered the tobacco and television industries with his successful demand that TV stations give free time for antismoking messages. To his amazement, the Federal Communications Commission responded to his "citizen's complaint," an action later upheld in the courts. The victory prompted Banzhaf to quit his New York law firm

and devote his time to ASH, which he had earlier organized as a nonprofit foundation. He moved to Washington, and LASH (Legislative Action on Smoking and Health), an antismoking lobby, was started soon after.

Morbid Soup. Last fall Banzhaf taught a course in unfair trade practices at the George Washington University law school. He so inspired his 60 students that they split up into activist groups and fanned out to do battle. à la Nader's Raiders, as Banzhaf's Bandits. Examples:

CAP (Collection Agency Practices) investigates abuses in poor Washington neighborhoods, collecting affidavits from citizens harassed by bill collectors who pose as lawyers and policemen.

TUBE (Termination of Unfair Broadcasting Excesses), charging that many television commercials are deceptive, demands that the FCC monitor commercials before they are shown.

PUMP (Protesting Unfair Marketing Practices) accuses gasoline retailers of selling identical gasoline under a broad spectrum of brand names and ratings.

SOUP (Students Opposed to Unfair Practices) is pressing the Federal Trade Commission to fine the Campbell Soup Co for a commercial in which glass marbles allegedly were employed to push soup solids to the top of the bowl for greater visibility.

While some of the causes are strictly of glass-marble dimension and few campaigns have gone on long enough to achieve hard results, Banzhaf is confident that his squad of 60 will win more rounds than it loses.

DEMOCRATS

Return of the Pro

John Kennedy called him "the best election man in the business," and many leaders in both parties still think of Lawrence Francis O'Brien that way. The reputation is well-deserved. J.F.K.'s two Senate races and the Democratic presidential campaigns of 1960 and 1964 benefited from the O'Brien tactical touch. Coming late into Hubert Humphrey's dispirited and disorganized entourage in 1968, the Irish Mafia man from Massachusetts injected enough order into the effort to permit a strong Democratic surge in the final weeks.

His 69-page handbook on how to assemble electoral majorities is required reading for American politicians. The manual covers everything from bumper stickers ("Make the Message Simple") to sound trucks ("Never Pass Through a Residential Neighborhood After 7:30 p.m."). But O'Brien is much more than an "election man." As a White House aide and then Postmaster General, he successfully promoted the passage of New Frontier and Great Society legislation. Through his undisputed skill and engaging Irish manner, O'Brien still draws affection, respect and trust from all corners of the party. Even his adversaries have found him honest and fair.

Most important for the Democrats' present needs, he is a conciliator and an old-fashioned loyalist more concerned with the party as a whole than with any faction or personality within it.

Silent Gene. Thus the Balkanized, impoverished party finds O'Brien the ideal candidate to replace Fred Harris, who resigned last month as Democratic national chairman. Many party leaders argue that O'Brien, 52, is the only choice, insisting that only he can bridge the assortment of geographical and ideological chasms in the party.

Humphrey is enthusiastically for him. Senators Ted Kennedy, Ed Muskie, George McGovern and Harold Hughes are agreeable. The party's left, including Congressman Allard K. Lowenstein, finds O'Brien at least tolerable. Of the party's big names, only Lyndon Johnson and Senator Eugene McCarthy remain silent on the subject, but many of



O'BRIEN

The best in the business.

McCarthy's biggest backers are in O'Brien's corner.

At week's end, after listening carefully to declarations of support from across the Democratic spectrum, O'Brien was on the brink of agreeing to return to the chairmanship provided that no significant opposition arises. If he says yes, it is virtually certain that he will be elected chairman when the Democratic National Committee meets in Washington March 5. O'Brien will have to leave a political-consulting firm he recently founded, following a brief stint as the president of a New York brokerage house, and slow the work on a book on his years with Kennedy and Johnson. With his party \$8,000,000 in debt, viciously at war with itself and seriously intimidated by the strength of Richard Nixon, it will be the old pro's greatest challenge.

The House of Representatives is one particularly troubled compartment of the Democratic Party, many House

Democrats chafe bitterly under the stagnant leadership of Speaker John W. McCormack, 78. In a party caucus last week, Representative Jerome R. Waldie of California offered a resolution of no confidence in McCormack's stewardship. Waldie's thrust was laid aside by a vote of 192 to 23, but the appearance of overwhelming support for McCormack was misleading. Fully aware that Waldie had no chance of success, many reform-minded members held their fire, but hoped to fight with more success another day.

INHUMAN RELATIONS

Sticky Ticket Wicket

Roger Fischer, a suburban Chicago manufacturing executive, was surprised a year ago when he received a citation charging him with a parking violation in Chicago, his car was not in Illinois at the time. In response to his polite letter of protest, the clerk of the circuit court sent Fischer a computerized notice declaring that payment of the fine was due. He wrote a second explanation. The computer replied with another message demanding \$5. The fruitless exchange between Fischer and the machine continued for four months, leading to a court notice saying, in essence, pay up or face arrest.

Fischer, who has had five years of experience with computers as a vice president of Mid-Continent Screw Products, finally realized that he would have to deal with the machine on its own terms. Using a computer available to his company, he dispatched punch cards to the traffic violations bureau. Said the civilian computer to its official cousin: "Apparently the letters sent to the humans who try to control you are being disregarded. The violation is not valid. I suggest you instruct them to erase the ticket from your memory bank. I hope you can make them understand."

The bureau's computer could appreciate that kind of talk—and so could the machine's human programmers. One year after the correspondence had begun, Fischer received punch cards in return and fed them into his machine. "Dear Human," read the print-out, "at last I have found somebody who understands my language." The computer explained that it had been given the wrong license number by one of its human operators. The charge was dismissed, and the computer added cheerfully: "If you're ever in the neighborhood, come up and see me some time."

CRIME

No. 11 Off the Boards

Gilbert Lee Beckley is—or was—a valuable man to the Cosa Nostra. He helped the mob flourish in the green field of betting on college and professional athletics. Handling as much as \$250,000 worth of bets daily, Beckley, 58, mastered all the tricks of his arcane trade: wangling information from

locker rooms, computing odds in his head, occasionally bribing athletes. Once Beckley was discovered behind a scheme to fix college basketball games by bribing the referees. On another occasion, word flashed along his betting network that bookies need not worry about the outcome of a football game, because "the coach is betting."

Nothing if not systematic, Beckley kept his fellow bookies' identities secret. He assigned each a number, then recorded their figures in library books. Beckley, No. 11, kept his own accounts next to page 11 of the *New Dictionary of Thoughts*.

Two Sides. Beckley's value was not limited to the Cosa Nostra; he also worked the legitimate side of the street. He had a deal with National Football League investigators to tip them about point spreads, possible fixes and tampering with games (*TIME*, Aug. 22). More recently, he may have been tempted to cooperate with Government agents. Such a double life can be dangerous—even fatal. Last month, old No. 11 vanished. His lawyers have not heard from him, and he is "off the boards," or out of the play, in the betting world. Two weeks ago he forfeited a \$10,000 bond by failing to appear for his trial on forgery charges in Atlanta.

Some associates believe that Beckley may have fled to Belgium or Israel to escape jail. Others fear a more ominous answer. Beckley's mob associates were mindful that the N.F.L. investigators include former Government prosecutors. The mob has been worried that Beckley might try to wiggle out of his trouble by passing information to the Government. In that event, Gil Beckley would be distinctly more valuable to his friends dead than alive.

PERSONALITY

Top Cop in Tallulah

Police Chief Zelma Wyche of sultry, deep-Delta Tallulah, La., looks and acts the archetypal Southern cop. There is the ample belly hanging over the gun belt as the massive, 6-ft. 2-in. figure swaggers down the sidewalk. There is the natty uniform with gold stars on a white starched shirt, a button open at the neck. And there is the amiable cockiness, the touch of braggadocio, the blunt cigar and the smile revealing two gold-crowned teeth. Only one anomaly destroys the stereotype: Chief Wyche is black.

Wyche took office as Tallulah's police chief last June 26, the only black to head the police department of any sizable biracial town (pop. 10,000) in the South. A down-at-the-heels mill and farming center near the Mississippi River, Tallulah has a reputation for brutality toward blacks; Wyche himself once saw a black man standing beside him gunned down by a white policeman—for little reason.

First Names. Wyche's election victory hardly demonstrated a new spirit of racial tolerance. There were fears of violence among both races. Segregationist sentiment remains strong, and Wyche was overwhelmingly opposed by whites. Black voters outnumber whites 3 to 2, however, and with halting running almost completely along racial lines, Wyche won.

If Tallulah seems an unpromising town for a black police chief, Zelma Wyche, 52, at first glance seems even more unpromising as an agent of amelioration. A Tallulah resident most of his life, he has been the town's most active and noisy agitator for racial justice. His attitudes have hardly altered in office. His mannerisms grate on white nerves. He hails white people by their first names, criticizes without a qualm Tallulah's white civic leadership and unabashedly seeks personal publicity.

Wyche was considered "uppity" by town whites years ago, when that was a dangerous label. He was trying to get blacks registered to vote as far back as the late 1940s. Even before that, he says, he was openly flouting segregation, drinking out of whites-only water fountains, refusing to let whites be served ahead of him in stores. Somehow, he was never assaulted, though he says that several whites have "put a gun on me." He boasts today: "They cursed me and threatened me, but they never attacked me. Maybe my size scared 'em off." Wyche has been in court and in jail several times on charges stemming from civil rights activity. One case against him is still pending.

Good Job. Tallulah and Wyche make a volatile mixture but surprisingly, there has been no explosion. Whites have accepted their new police chief with sullen caution. From some whites, he is even beginning to win a grudging respect. Despite his flamboyance, Wyche

has moved discreetly. He has equalized his force at six blacks and six whites, besides himself, and intends to maintain a balance. Integrated pairs usually man patrol cars. "Now blacks and whites make arrests together, so there's no favoritism," he says, puffing on one of his ever-present Roi-Tan cigars. Wyche and his black cops have not hesitated to arrest whites, and there has been no trouble so far. Several weeks ago, Wyche calmly rode out a potentially disruptive anti-integration demonstration by white students. He ordered his men not to interfere, and the protest remained peaceful.

The new black chief also has won acceptance by the whites on his force. One white policeman quit when Wyche took over, the others stayed. In private, Wyche calls all his men by their first names; they call him "chief." A few white officers were harassed initially by



CHIEF WYCHE
The whites are nervous

other whites for staying on the force, but that has subsided.

Wyche says he is concerned less with the black v. white situation than with relations between the police and community as a whole. "I want people to have confidence in the police force, to feel we're their friends, not enemies," he says. "That problem is not just with the black people. Whites have been abused by police, too."

A combat veteran of World War II, Wyche is married to a schoolteacher, and they have two grown children. He was a barber for 40 years, starting his career at the age of ten. But for years he wanted to be a cop; he is an avid Perry Mason fan. He plans to run for re-election, and blacks are filing for other local offices, including mayor. Whites are nervous at the prospect of black domination, but Wyche claims that he wants only a fair chance for blacks. Says he: "We got to prove to white people we can do a whole lot of things they been saying we can't do."



GAMBLER BECKLEY
The mob was worried.

THE WORLD

Pompidou: A New Gallic Image

WHEN President Georges Pompidou arrives in Washington this week to begin a nine-day stay in the U.S.—his first state visit—Americans will get their first good look at a leader who is a far cry from the regal and aloof figure of Charles de Gaulle. What they will see, in fact, is a man who has substituted pragmatism for grandeur, who wants to govern France rather than rule it, who emphasizes the continuity of the government rather than the man like his host Richard Nixon. Pompidou can already claim two important domestic accomplishments: he has lowered the national voice and, despite profound social stress at home, he has sternly demanded—and won—at least some time to bring about orderly change.

Pompidou's visit, which will also take him to Cape Kennedy, San Francisco, Chicago and New York, is intended primarily as a gesture of good will. The French President is fully aware that Americans have developed very mixed feelings about his nation in recent years, largely because of the haughty and often hostile behavior of Charles de Gaulle. Pompidou is anxious to reassure the U.S. that France is an ally and friend first and last—if not always in between. The cosmetic aspect of the trip is planned down to the scheduling

of a sightseeing tour of San Francisco and the unveiling of an elaborate wardrobe from half a dozen Paris couturiers by Pompidou's attractive wife Claude. Within the past few weeks, however, the whole public relations campaign has been considerably marred by what, from the U.S. viewpoint, is Pompidou's most serious mistake to date: his decision to sell 108 Mirage jets to Libya.

The U.S. is convinced that the in-



GEORGES POMPIDOU

fusion of new air power on the Arab side of the Middle East conflict threatens to intensify the level of fighting. Thus France's Mideast policy will undoubtedly be a major topic of discussion during Pompidou's White House visits with President Nixon, and it is likely to provoke unpleasant incidents during his nationwide tour. The U.S. Congress will provide one of its coldest receptions in history to a chief-of-state guest speaker. Many Representatives plan either to boycott Pompidou's address, walk out while it is in progress, or present him with a declaration of protest. New York Mayor John Lindsay, who delighted the city's heavy Jewish population last fall by throwing a royal welcome for Israeli Prime Minister Golda Meir, does not plan an official welcome for Pompidou, and will be conveniently out of town when he arrives—an extraordinary display of politics in place of politeness for the mayor of a supposedly cosmopolitan city. The French President will probably be greeted in New York by hostile crowds who support Israel.

To these expressions of displeasure, Pompidou is likely to have the same set of answers. First of all, as he has said previously, France is irrevocably committed to Israel's rights of existence

The Man of Letters as President

IN his interview with *TIME*, Georges Pompidou not only discussed the immediate political problems of running a nation, but also provided some intriguing insights into his thinking about French society and modern civilization. His words reveal the intellectual depth of a leader who, in addition to being a politician, is a former professor and accomplished man of letters. Excerpts:

ON REBELLIOUS YOUTH: I intend to talk about this at length at San Francisco after visiting Stanford University. I think that it is a usual characteristic of youth which takes on new force because adults, as well, have the impression that there is something in modern civilization which is not suitable; that we are going in the direction of a civilization dominated by material things and by the machine. This reaction on the part of youth is due not merely to age; it is a reaction of man.

ON INSTITUTIONAL CHANGE: In human society, as it has existed for thousands of years, a monster has made its appearance—a monster called science. Whether we like it or not, it is breaking up everything in its path. Science calls into question moral concepts, social structures, beliefs. It is obvious that its forward march cannot be impeded, but it is certain that there will be a lot of broken glass along the way. Some are endeavoring to stick the pieces together; those are the conservatives. I think that this is not enough and that what is needed is to re-create moral precepts, to re-create a social framework. The question goes beyond the social order. It concerns also the individual, what he thinks

and believes within himself. I think that modern despair, which is sometimes discussed, is an individual more than a social despair.

ON HIS ELECTION SLOGAN "CONTINUITY AND OPENING": I have the weakness to think that there is no other formula for life than continuity and opening. In the old man there exists something that was already present in the child. That is continuity. Yet it would, of course, be absurd for him to keep on sucking his thumb all his life. He must open himself up to life as he gradually changes.

ON FRANCE: My chief preoccupation is to make of France a modern country. This means many things. It means the transformation of agriculture, industrialization, the opening of frontiers, scientific and technical research. It also means an intellectual—I might almost say moral—transformation in the university and in relations between people at a time when it is plainly evident that former society, with its definitely established framework, has been swept away by events.

ON THE FRENCH INFLUENCE: [Thinking back to his recent election campaign, Pompidou recalled that someone had asked him whether he thought the France of the future should be more like Sweden. "With a little more sun," he quipped.] I was naturally thinking of geography, but I was also thinking of a way of life. It seems to me—maybe it's being nationalistic—that the French have a certain art of happiness, more so, perhaps, than other peoples. This is what I would like to preserve; this is what I call "the sun," more than the sun which gives us light.

and security, and has done nothing that it believes will imperil either. He will no doubt point out that Libya could probably have purchased its jets in Moscow without having to agree to one important condition stipulated by Paris that the planes cannot be used in any offensive action against Israel. Furthermore, Pompidou is convinced that no amount of arms rationing will successfully keep the lid on the Mideast war. In an interview with *TIME* Paris Bureau Chief William Rademaekers before his departure for the U.S., Pompidou declared, "I do not think that the role of countries that can effectively intervene is to try and apply the brakes, to limit the number or the capacity or the targets of the bombs dropped every day. I think that the conflict will either be stopped or it will get worse."

Stern Loyalist Review. Pompidou has been remarkably candid about his prime motivation for arranging the jet deal with Libya: he is determined to increase the French presence throughout the Western Mediterranean, which he regards as a vital French defense area and sphere of influence. Paris diplomacy is concentrating "on those parts of the world which are geographically close to her, such as Europe, Africa—whether it be North Africa or Black Africa," he told Rademaekers. "It is in these regions that I am trying to accentuate France's presence and give it greater reality." Under Pompidou's direction, France in recent months has agreed to sell Mirage jets to the Franco government in Spain, moved to improve relations with its former North African colonies of Algeria and Morocco, and is rumored to be negotiating an arms deal with Greece. Thus the coup that placed a young, oil-rich regime in power in Libya last September provided a perfect opportunity for Pompidou to expand the influence of France in the Mediterranean.

By seizing the initiative with Libya, Pompidou stirred controversy not only abroad but also within his own government. He ignored the recommendation of his Foreign Minister, Maurice Schumann, who advised selling the Libyans a much smaller number of Mirages, and accepted instead the advice of Defense Minister Michel Debré, who wanted to fulfill their request for all 108 jets. Since Debré is generally regarded as the Cabinet member most loyal to the departed Charles de Gaulle and to his policies, Pompidou's decision grated on those ministers who are anxious for France to abandon the route charted by De Gaulle. But the French President feels even stronger pressure from another quarter. He faces stern "loyalist" review of almost every decision, chiefly from some 25 Deputies who make known their views both in and outside the Gaullist party. Pompidou is hardly their prisoner, but he neatly sums up his predicament by saying, "Great inheritances are more weighty than small ones, I admit."

Death in Distant Places

SWISSAIR Flight 330 was 15 minutes out of Zurich's Kloten Airport en route to Tel Aviv last week when the Zurich tower logged the kind of report that airmen dread, "We are on fire!" called Swissair's pilot. Before he could obey Zurich's emergency instructions, the jet exploded in mid-air, spraying metal and bodies on an Alpine forest below. All 47 people aboard perished.

The explosion might have resulted from a malfunction, but investigators doubted it, the blast occurred toward the tail section, probably in the baggage or mail compartment. Only three hours earlier, an Austrian Airlines plane bound from Frankfurt to Vienna (where some of its mail was to be transferred to another AUA flight to Tel Aviv) had been buffeted by a similar explosion that tore a hole in its fuselage. Luckily, the Austrian's pilot was able to land safely at Frankfurt, where experts traced the explosion to a mailbag labeled for Is-

At the same time, an equally menacing situation was developing in Jordan, where King Hussein gathered loyal Bedouin chieftains and hunted at a showdown with guerrilla organizations that have defied his government. Alarmed by the growing guerrilla strength across the Jordan River, Information Minister Israel Galili warned that "if foreign forces eliminate King Hussein," Israel might order military action in Jordan.

Radar Bombsight. Actually, the week begun with the Israelis demonstrating restraint. Apparently appalled by the death of 80 Egyptian civilians in the earlier bombing of a factory at Abu Zabal (*TIME*, Feb. 23), Israel collared its pilots. When Israeli jets took to the air, they were restricted to unmistakable military targets, bombing SA-2 missile sites at Dahshur and Helwan in the Cairo perimeter and Egyptian installations along the Suez Canal. President Gamal Abdel Nasser also claimed that he was practicing moderation. When



rael. In Amman, an obscure Arab terrorist organization called the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine General Command promptly bragged that it had blown up the Swiss plane because Israeli officials^{*} were aboard.

Loyal Bedouins. Whether the commando group was responsible or not, its claim was certain to anger both Switzerland and Austria—whose aircraft were involved—and other neutral nations, which now are presumably no longer immune to commando attacks on their Israel-bound airliners. The action was also certain to heighten passions in the troubled Middle East. Tel Aviv, sensitive to attacks on its communication lines, was likely to react violently to the sabotage of airliners enroute to Israel.

* That intelligence was faulty. The passenger list included several prominent Israeli citizens, but no officials.

Egyptian pilots demanded to revenge Abu Zabal, Nasser revealed, he had refused on the ground that he did not "take decisions under the influence of emotion." Nonetheless, low-flying Egyptian jets—which do not have the range to hit cities in Israel and return to base—bombed Israeli positions along the canal.

At week's end, the Israelis finally explained the disastrous Abu Zabal bombing as "an incredible coincidence." The pilot was approaching the target at high speed and evading anti-aircraft fire when his radar bombsight failed. While seeking his target visually, he saw reference points—an Arab village, long, low buildings, sand dunes and a road intersection—that looked exactly like those he had been told to look for as he approached a military base at Khanka. Actually, they were identical to features in Abu Zabal, two miles away from the intended target.

Toward the Japanese Century

IN the gentle Senri Hills just outside Osaka, under a pall of dust visible for miles away, helmeted workmen are bustling to put the finishing touches on what looks like a giant's toy box. Here, three weeks hence, Japan's Expo '70 will begin a six-month run. It is the first world's fair ever to be held in Asia, but amid its architectural anarchy the occasional pagoda or the balwing sail of a Chinese junk seems oddly out of place—and time. From one end of the 815-acre site to the other, the sky line is a futurescape of spires and saucers, globes and polyhedrons, sweeping carapaces and shimmering towers of aluminum, glass and steel.

The scene strongly suggests the movie *2001*, and well it might. No country has a stronger franchise on the future than Japan. No developed nation is growing faster. Its economy quadrupled in the past decade, and will triple again in the next. Powered by a *boom* (the word is a typical Japanese neologism) that has been picking up speed for a full ten years, Japan whistled past Britain in gross national product in 1967, then France in 1968. Last year it surpassed West Germany. With a GNP, that is expected to reach \$200 billion this year, Japan now ranks third in the world, be-

hind only the U.S. (\$932 billion) and the Soviet Union (\$600 billion). U.S. Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans says that Japan "could very well" move to the head of the class in the next 20 years. Says Economist Peter Drucker, "It is the most extraordinary success story in all economic history."

At \$1,100 a year, Japan's per capita income still ranks only 19th, just ahead of Italy's and far behind the U.S.'s \$4,600. But that gap is closing fast as Japanese workers begin to make up for past sacrifices with fat pay increases. "It would not be surprising," says the Hudson Institute's Herman Kahn, "if the 21st century turned out to be the Japanese century."

Miniskirt and Kimono

Not bad for a war casualty with paltry natural resources, few close allies, and hardly enough room to breathe. The four spiny main islands of Nippon house the most crowded society in the world. Japan has half as many people (102 million) as the U.S., and a smaller area than Montana. Only 20% of the spectacularly mountainous land is habitable, and the Japanese are packed into coastal plains at a density of 2,365 to the square mile—about twice that of

The Netherlands, the second most densely populated country.

Besides being the most crowded society, Japan is, as Kahn says, "the most achievement-minded society in the world." The Japanese possess a keen sense of competition, sharpened by the fact that their shoulder-to-shoulder existence invariably makes for many rivals and few openings. This competitive spirit extends beyond Nippon's borders and instills a deep concern among the Japanese over their ranking in the world. They intend to move higher. To that ambition they bring a machine-like discipline, an ability to focus with fearful energy on the task at hand, and an almost Teutonic thoroughness in all pursuits, whether business or pleasure.

For all their confidence, the Japanese are enduring acute modernization pangs. Until a century ago, Japan was semi-feudal, primarily agricultural and almost totally insulated. Today it is a sometimes baffling blend of West and East, of old and new. Some of its rebellious young radicals would not dream of sitting down to dinner without a deep bow to their honorable grandfathers. The campuses are torn by challenges to authority, but 70% of Japan's marriages are still "arranged." Along the

Expo '70: Osaka's \$2 Billion Blowout

THE theme of Expo '70 is progress and harmony, but last week the fairgrounds seemed to reflect paltry progress and considerable confusion. Workmen darted among unfinished buildings. Girl guides drilled in mini-toga uniforms. Postmen roared around on scarlet scooters, learning their routes. Policemen studied plans for coping with the expected influx of pickpockets and prostitutes.

No one doubts, however, that Expo will open on schedule. Pandemonium also prevailed before the 1964 Olympic Games in Tokyo, practically up to the hour that the flame was rekindled. Then, in a final frenetic burst of activity that the Japanese refer to as a kamikaze construction charge, the workers finished everything down to the last doorknob. The same is expected at Expo.

Japanese fairgoers, along with 1,000,000 foreigners who are expected to visit Expo during its 183-day run, will be assailed by a stunning diversity of sights, sounds and smells. The pavilion area, where 72 nations are exhibiting, features what observers call "the battle of the rooftops." Among the combatants, naturally, is the Soviet Union, with a bold red and white sickle-shaped structure that soars 339 ft., and the U.S., with a ground-hugging elliptical Fiberglas Beta-fabric roof that is inflated with air and anchored with cables to concrete embankments.

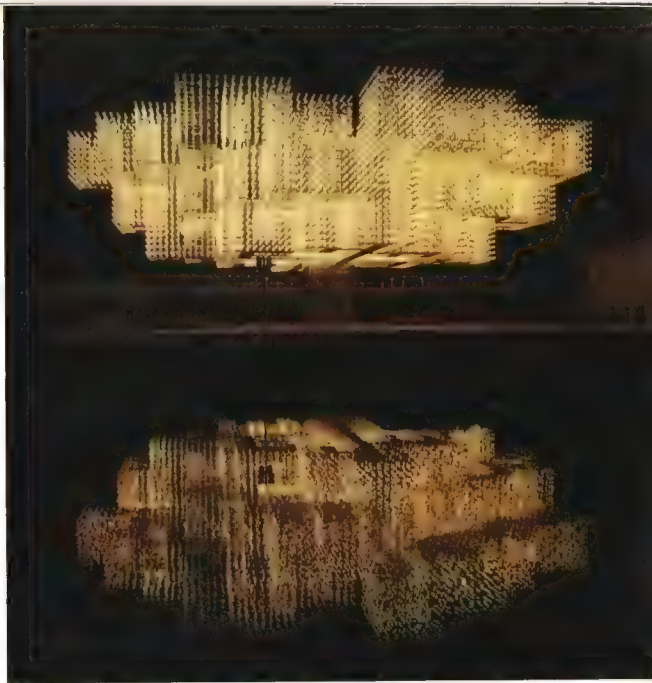
Burma's building is shaped like a royal catamaran barge, Hawaii's like a volcano, the Ivory Coast's like elephant tusks. Even the tiny Persian Gulf sheikdom of Abu Dhabi has a pavilion—because, the Expo guidebook notes, it "hopes to gain new friends in the world by taking part." Japanese Architect Kenzo Tange, in charge of overall planning, claims that he likes the clashing effects. The only building that really angers him, he says, is a traditional seven-story pagoda erected by Japan's Furukawa conglomerate.

Exhibits are as disparate as the architecture. Emphasizing

its lunar conquest, the U.S. will display genuine moon rocks, space suits and a model of the Apollo 11 lunar module *Russla*, observing the centennial of Lenin's birth, will stress Soviet culture, history and science. Pursuing techniques pioneered in Montreal three years ago, the fair features several dazzling, multiscreen light shows, and psychedelic sound shows as well. The Japan steel-and-iron-industries building has 1,300 loudspeakers embedded in the ceiling and walls to stun visitors with a "Song of Steel."

When Expo visitors tire of the exhibits, they will be able to retreat to a 64-acre Japanese garden filled with twisted pines, bamboos, cherry trees, ponds, bridges and tea-houses. At 210 restaurants, geared to dispense 235,000 meals per day, they can sample anything from Algerian cous-cous to Siberian snow grouse. Entertainment will range from the Bolshoi Opera and the New York Philharmonic to a three-mile roller coaster called the *dairadasaurus*. Offering a different sort of show, radical Japanese students plan demonstrations to show their opposition both to the Establishment responsible for the fair and the expected renewal in June of the U.S.-Japanese security treaty. They may also time protests to coincide with the planned visits of foreign dignitaries like Soviet President Nikolai Podgorny and Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau.

Government and industry have spent \$2 billion on Expo, much of it on facilities to transport and house visitors. Even so, the crowds may be more than Expo can handle. Already all hotel rooms within a two-hour radius of Osaka are booked, and families are being asked to take in visitors. The worst problems may come on a new highway built to move 25,000 cars a day but facing an estimated influx of 35,000. Police are warning Expo-bound motorists to pack two meals, drinking water and a portable toilet before they set out.

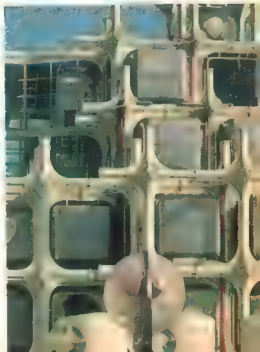
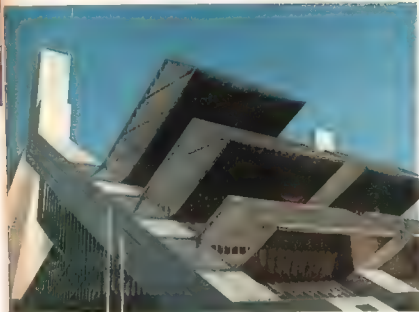


Above a reflecting pool at the Swiss Pavilion, an aluminum "tree" honey-combed with 35,000 lamps stands as a spectacular symbol of harmony and precision. The Fuji exhibit *right*, viewed from a kaleidoscopically colored arcade nearby, is housed in a huge vault of 16 inflated vinyl-and-rubber "air beams, suggesting a prime characteristic of the Japanese—resilience.





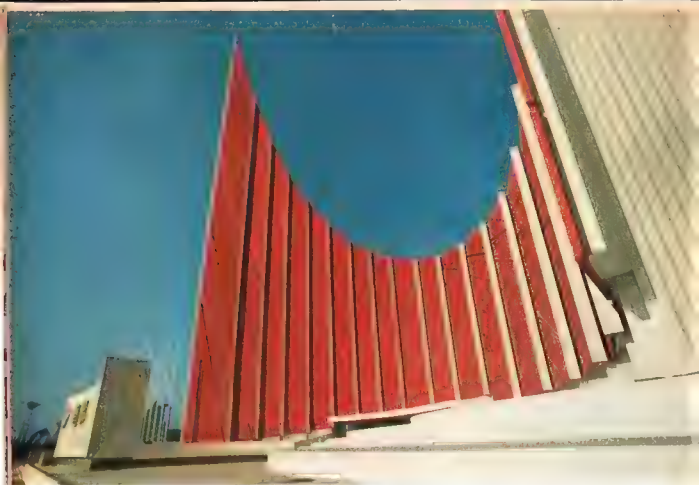
While forested British Columbia establishes its identity with an upswept construction of timber (above), Italy suggests modernity and technology with craggy outcroppings of cantilevered glass and steel (below). At night, the Japanese power industry's 126-ft. "Electrum" glows between the pavilions of Hitachi, Midori-kai and Furukawa, showing computers in a replica of an ancient pagoda





The 100-ft stacks surrounding Korea's glittering show place reflect an industrial future, the long oars a seafaring past. A circular, free hanging roof suspended from 120-ft sky hook (below) shelters Australia's Expo contribution. Inside the far out "Beautithon" (below, left) of the furniture-making Takara Group, visitors ride elevator seats 33 ft up to see light, sound and fashion shows.





The sickle-shaped, steel-sheathed Soviet Pavilion is a 330-ft.-tall symbol



Boatwing sails in hazy shades of red bring Victoria Harbor to Hong Kong's exhibit.

streets of the teeming cities, miniskirts and high heels vie with ankle-length kimonos and wooden clogs. The glass-and-steel sheaths of modern commerce along the main arteries give way to delicate wooden teahouses on cobblestoned side streets, and the skyline juxtaposes industry's mammoth cranes and chimneys with the softly curving roofs of Buddhist temples.

The past still pervades Japan, but it does not crimp its future. Already, the heirs presumptive to the 21st century own a big share of the 20th. A human cliché everywhere is the bespectacled Japanese salesman, quick to bow, to smile and, after consulting his pocket dictionary and his neatly arranged attache case, to quote a cut-rate price. He is even seen in the lobbies of the Alcron in Prague and the Gellért in Budapest.

The salesman is a more pallid—but also more successful—descendant of two other Japanese prototypes. One was the swashbuckling *wako*, or warrior-trader, who began plundering Asia as early as the 14th century. The second was the soldier-bureaucrat who went to war a generation ago to develop a "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere," stretching from Manchuria to Burma. His slogan was "Asia for the Asiatics," but his purpose was really to furnish Japan's factories not only with raw materials but also with vast markets for their goods.

Today the Japanese have come closer to establishing an informal Co-Prosperity Sphere than ever before (see *map page 27*). The difference is that the latter-day *wako* carries a *soroban* (abacus) instead of a sword and wears blue serge instead of the khaki of General Hideki Tojo's Imperial Army.

Equal Slices

Diplomatically, if not commercially, Tokyo has been so discreet since the U.S. occupation ended in 1952 as to be almost invisible. The most prestigious branch of the Japanese government is the Finance Ministry, not the Foreign Ministry. Japan's embassy in Jakarta is symbolic; there is a low, two-story wing for the diplomatic staff and a high-rise office tower housing Japanese trading companies.

Diplomatic discretion has meshed wonderfully well with the country's ecumenical trading patterns. Each day Japan exports \$44 million worth of goods—one-third to Asia, one-third to the U.S., and one-third to the rest of the world. Few nations can match Japan's prices—not because of cheap labor, which is no longer all that cheap, but because of efficient production and shipping techniques. Incredibly, the Japanese can deliver finished pipeline to Alaska at a total cost that is less than the freight charges alone from Pittsburgh's steel mills. Small wonder that since 1955 Japan's share of world trade has tripled, to 7%, while the U.S. share has declined a few points, to 18%.

Some economists predict that by 1980 each country will command an identical 15% slice of the market.

The price of Japan's reach for that sizable slice of world trade has been years of national self-denial. "We have sold everything, including the kitchen sink," laments economist Kichii Miyazawa, head of the influential Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI). "We have left nothing for ourselves." There are shortages of roads, railways, parks, hospitals, sewers and schools. "There is much to be done," says Premier Eisaku Sato, singling out two problems in particular. "The housing shortage is extreme, and pollution is serious."

More than in most countries urbanization has overwhelmed Japan. Only 20 years ago, 60% of the population was tied to the farm, and Japan still

which has 3,000 industrial plants and a population of 940,000. Two-thirds of Tokyo is still without sewers; residents are served by "honeybucket" men, trucks and a "night-soil fleet" of disposal ships, some as big as 1,000 tons, that make daily dumping trips offshore. "Don't worry," a crewman smiles, "the Black Current will take it all toward the U.S."

When the wind blows in from Tokyo Bay, the downtown area is enveloped in the aroma from "Dream Island," an ironically named landfill project that grows by 7,800 tons of waste a day. The city is trying to reduce its overhanging pall of smog by persuading homeowners and industrialists to switch from coal to fuel oil at a cost of increased carbon monoxide. But a 15th century samurai's poem boasting that the city "commands a view of soaring Fuji" is now a wry joke.

Tokyo's ebullient *kanton* (confusion) can be attractive, and the city has proved an irresistible magnet to Japanese and foreigners alike. It has vitality, diversity and unexpected touches of beauty everywhere—in a tiny rock garden, a sprig of cherry blossoms, a full moon reflected in the still waters of the imperial moat. Manhattan-style muggings are virtually unknown. Still, the city's main problem, says Mayor Ryukichi Minobe, is "too many people." New York City, with 128 sq. ft. of park space per resident, is a verdant paradise compared with Tokyo, which has 7 sq. ft. Real estate values have risen 670% in a decade in some parts of town, and now rival Manhattan's—despite fears that anything built on the land may one day come tumbling down. Mild tremors hit the city almost every day, and experts fret that 3,000,000 would die in another earthquake like the one that flattened the city in 1923. Yet since the 100-ft. limitation on buildings was done away with in 1962, because of new, supposedly quake-resistant construction techniques, the Japanese have been challenging fate, now abiding is one of office tower of 40 stories, another of 46. Why not? "We Japanese never consider cities solid, lasting existences as the Europeans or Americans do," says Architect Arata Isozaki, 38. "Ours have been destroyed so often by wars, fires and earthquakes that we believe that when it comes to cities, change is the sole permanent characteristic."

The Salary Man

Certainly change has characterized the life-styles of virtually every age group and class, except for those at the very bottom and the very top. The *eta*, descended from the practitioners of such despised occupations as leatherworking and butchery, are Japan's closest equivalent to India's untouchables; there are 1,000,000 of them, living in slums, working as ragpickers or worse, and rarely able to marry outside their class. At the top is Emperor Hirohito, who lives



SATO & WIFE HIROKO

The only permanence is change.

had to import rice; today, as a result of agricultural advances, only 18% of the Japanese people are needed to feed the country and produce a surplus. The dispossessed farmers cram the cities, and the cities have been woefully short changed. The "Tokaido Corridor," a slender, 366-mile coastal belt running along the Pacific from Tokyo to Kobe, was long celebrated for its beauty in misty wood-block prints and delicate, 17-syllable haiku. Today, with 50% of the population crammed into the corridor, it is a smog-covered slur.

Travelers jetting in by night first see Tokyo from miles out, an explosion of light against Honshu's black mountain ridges. By day, the world's largest metropolis (pop. 11.4 million) is a hazy brown and gray sprawl. Prosperity has only worsened Tokyo's housing shortage, its snarled traffic, and the soot that boils in across the brown Sumida River from the blast furnaces of Kawasaki,

The New Invasion of Greater East Asia

FROM transistor radios to whole steel mills, the Japanese have been able to sell the rest of the world just about everything—except themselves. A "hate-Japan wind," as it is called in Tokyo, has been rising as legions of Japanese tourists and hard-bargaining salesmen swarm into the rest of Asia. "Once it was 'the ugly American' who proved most conspicuous around here," says a Japanese correspondent in Bangkok. "Now it's 'the ugly Japanese.' And wherever he goes, bribery, the kickback routine, dumping practices, golfing and sex crazes go with him."

The Japanese are making steel in Malaysia, drilling for oil off Indonesia, building cars in the Philippines and assembling television sets in Taiwan. Half a million Honda, Yamaha and Suzuki motor bikes put-put along South Viet Nam's roads, and little Sony radios are to be seen everywhere. "The people feel that we are being invaded," says Thailand's Economic Affairs Minister Bunchana Attakorn, "this time economically."

The other Asians are uneasy at the speed, the size and the cost of the invasion. They tend to play down or overlook Japan's growing aid to the area. Tokyo is paying out \$1.5 billion in World War II reparations, has given \$220 million to the Asian Development Bank, and has lent \$100 million to the World Bank. Japan's foreign aid, most of which goes to other Asian countries, totals \$1.4 billion this year, second only to the U.S.'s \$1.8 billion. The figure that most concerns Asians, however, is Tokyo's huge trade balance. Last year Japan sold cars, trucks and machinery worth \$4.6 billion to East Asia, but spent only half as much for the purchase of timber, maize and other raw materials.

To the steamy, sleepy cities of Asia the Japanese bring the fast-paced temperament of Tokyo, and it is overwhelming. "No one can compete with the Japanese salesman," says a Chinese businessman in Taiwan. "If they don't finish talking business in the daytime, then they talk business at night." A Malaysian businessman notes bitterly: "Whenever we tell the Japanese that their prices are not right, they suddenly develop lapses in English and pretend not to understand."

Sometimes such reactions are born of sour experience; often, however, they simply reflect envy of Japan's drive and organization. Mitsui, a top Japanese trading company, "is better at information gathering than the CIA," swears one Singapore government official. "They send in 20 men to look at an investment. They read everything and they take down everything—even

the jokes cracked at meetings." Japanese firms are famous for absorbing absurd losses just to get a piece of a market—which is why Toyota has 25% of the Philippine auto business.

As representatives of an alien culture, foreign businessmen and tourists are easily misunderstood and often resented—the more so if they come from an affluent, highly successful country. The Japanese are no exception, and in their case the resentment is compounded by bitter wartime memories. In Asian capitals, where groups of Japanese tourists are a common sight, marching behind a flag-carrying tour leader, their style and manner are often considered objectionable. They are famed as over-generous tipsters and had (but amiable) drinkers. They are also reputed to be single-minded in their pursuit of sex. Several Tokyo magazines carry frank whoring guides to Southeast Asia, complete with price lists, and all the evidence indicates that they are very well thumbed.

Above all else, the Japanese have acquired a reputation for being clannish and arrogant. Even more than the Americans, who are famous for bringing the U.S. along with them, the Japanese move in with their own beer, newspapers, chefs, wines, delicacies and restaurants. "They form an empire of themselves," said Thailand's Bunchana. "They play golf together, eat together, go to their own Japanese schools."

Many Japanese have an almost masochistic talent for self-criticism. In *Japan Unmasked* former Japanese Diplomat Ichiro Kawasaki ascribes the arrogance of the Japanese to what he calls their preoccupation with social rank. Writes Kawasaki, who was sacked from the diplomatic corps last year because his book created such an uproar: "The Japanese harbor an inferiority complex toward Europeans and Americans, while they tend to treat Asians with a superiority complex. This is why the average Japanese, while feeling at home in the company of Asians, often betrays arrogance and disdain."

Foreign Minister Kiichi Aichi attributes Japan's troubles abroad to the "social maladroitness" of an island people unused to dealing with others. The Japanese realize that much of the criticism is overdrawn, but it stings nonetheless, and they are pondering ways to improve their image. Indonesian Foreign Minister Adam Malik suggests a "Japanese Marshall Plan" for Asia. The idea may be worth exploring as a way to help Japan's neighbors through a crucial phase in their development. It is not necessarily the answer to improving Japan's image, however, as any ugly American will agree.

serenely in Tokyo's Imperial Palace with Empress Nagako and devotes most of his time, as ever, to his studies in marine biology.

Perhaps most affected are the people in the middle—the country's 17.6 million "salary men." They are the silent, white-collar backbone of the Land of the Rising G.N.P. Take, for instance, Tokyo Salary Man Iwao Nakatani, 27. He is typically middle-sized (5 ft. 4 in.), middle-income (\$222 a month), middle-management. In his three-room, \$6,900 flat (\$833 down, \$41 a month), Nakatani, his wife and two children all sleep in the same room.

Nakatani, who studied business administration at Berkeley, spends 2½ hours each day commuting to his company, Taiyo Kogyo Co., a tent firm that made the translucent roof of the

U.S. exhibit at Osaka. Paternalism and lifetime employment are still features of Japanese corporations, and Taiyo Kogyo keeps Nakatani happy with a six-month salary bonus every year and a new-car loan every two years. Corporate entertainment allowances total \$2 billion a year in Japan, and Nakatani spends a good chunk of his \$1,600 share taking foreign customers to *ryu* (ryu) parties. But he is not a kimono chaser. That tradition is beginning to fade, albeit slowly, as Japan's women become more assertive.

Nakatani runs counter to tradition in a number of other ways. He occasionally considers quitting for a better post, though job-hopping is still largely unheard of in a land where people usually stay with the same firm for life. He drives home in his Toyota Corolla

every day at 5 p.m., whether his boss has left the office or not. And he thought nothing of voting for the Communists in the last election, though he describes himself as "a conservative's conservative," because he was certain they were going to lose and he wanted to help keep the long-entrenched Liberal Democrats on their toes.

The greatest change in the Nakatanis' life has been in the increased conveniences, but the Japanese salary man is fast learning a lesson absorbed by his Western counterpart long ago. "Now that all of us have a car, color TV and a stereo," says Nakatani, "we Japanese have begun to hanker for a mink coat for the wife and a foreign made car." Already, Japanese housewives are complaining about "the servant problem."

Then there are Japan's two ages of dis-

continuity—elder and younger. Older Japanese, used to the rigors of life before the boom, find the relative abundance of contemporary Japan confusing and empty. Eight years ago, as Tokyo's sprawl reached his small farm, Dyusaku Ohno sold his three acres to a development company for \$280,000. Now 60, Ohno has his money in good stocks, his children in good schools, his wife in a modern house. But he has lost, he says, "the smell of the earth, the satisfaction of a good crop, the scalding bath at the end of a hard day's work."

Taming the Thunderbolts

Yoshikazu Maeda, 54, a Tokyo bank executive, remembers that day when "the family was more closely knit, living quarters were more cramped, and there was much more mutual personal consideration." He says sadly "The whole pace of life seems to have speeded up. Human relationships seem to be getting colder." Moreover, the problem of caring for the elderly is growing, if only because there are so many more of them. Improvements in diet and medical care have increased life expectancy for men from only 50 years in 1945 to 69 years today.

A youth problem has already arrived—and how. In a country where children traditionally are coddled up to the age of nine or ten, then are expected to begin facing society's rigorous demands without complaint, Japanese youths are baffling their elders by taking to the streets to protest everything from the "dehumanization" of life to air pollution. In few lands is communication between generations breaking down more rapidly. The suicide rate among 15- to 24-year-olds is one of the highest in the world. So is the record for campus chaos. Last year, 3,500 students were jailed in clashes that closed 100 of Japan's 377 universities, some for as long as twelve months.

The catalogue of student complaints is familiar, and in many respects well justified. Competition for admission is fierce, especially to Tokyo and Kyoto universities, the Oxbridge-like axis that produces most of Japan's ruling establishment of businessmen, bureaucrats and politicians, according to one estimate, 20% of Japan's Diet (parliament) members and 30% of its corporation presidents are Tokyo U alumni. Jammed with 1.5 million students, a 100% increase since 1960, the understaffed universities strike many youths as diploma factories geared to feed industry. Tokyo's Nihon University has 75,000 students: in its 7,000-student school of economics, there are but 27 professors.

Westerners accustomed to the atmosphere of improvisation at U.S. or French demonstrations are apt to find the Japanese protest scene quite different. Clashes between helmeted students and shield-carrying riot cops seem as stylized—and puzzling—as a *No play*. Moreover, the rioters, often led by members of the radical Zengakuren (a student federation), are usually higher on doctrine than drugs (pot has yet to spread far in Japan). Before long, however, Japanese dissent may be taking on a Western character.

Thousands of students and hippie-style dropouts are being drawn to a Viet Nam protest movement called *Behereen*, which often draws 5,000 "folk-song guerrillas" to monthly protest meetings in Tokyo's swinging Shinjuku area. When the cops come, the kids give them flowers and songs instead of staves and curves. Sample:

*Oh the sad, sad riot squad men
Withering away their finest years
Like wistful shrubs under dardulium
shields*

Behereen's founder is Novelist Makoto Oda, 38. He launched the new wave in dissent two years ago in Sasebo Har-

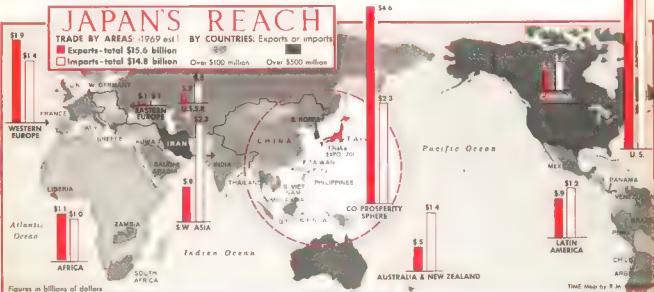
bor, where he circled the U.S. carrier *Enterprise* in a small launch, calling out "Don't fight for Uncle Sham!" on a megaphone. If Oda's style has a familiar American quality, it may be due to the fact that he once studied at Harvard, on a Fulbright scholarship.

The rise of dissent—or rather, the decline of Confucian decorum—has stunned Japan's elders. A measure of their confusion is the advice on handling students contained in a manual circulated among the faculty of Tokyo's Chuo University. They should be treated "as foreigners—the handbook advises, "with all their different sets of modes, customs and thoughts." Still, older Japanese take comfort from the fact that so far most of the young *kanninari* (thunderbolts) have dutifully taken "their proper place" in the service of company and country after graduation. A few businessmen are in fact trying to recruit campus activists, valuing their "volatile and creative minds."

Control and Release

Life styles change more rapidly than character—and the Japanese character bewilders many Westerners. It is shot through with contradictions, as Cultural Anthropologist Ruth Benedict noted in a pioneering study of the Japanese mind that was written in 1946 but is still pertinent. "Both the sword and the chrysanthemum are a part of the picture. The Japanese are, to the highest degree, both aggressive and unaggressive, both militaristic and resentful of being pushed around, loyal and treacherous, brave and timid, conservative and hospitable to new ways. They are terribly concerned about what other people will think of their behavior, and they are also overcome by guilt when other people know nothing of their misdeeds. Their soldiers are disciplined to the hilt but are also insubordinate."

Except for small children and old peo-





SELF-DEFENSE FORCES PARADING IN TOKYO

ple, the Japanese lives constantly in a state of near total control or near-total release. A man may be a perfectly decorous office worker at 4:55 p.m., but by 5:05, after one drink at the bar around the corner, he may be a giggling buffoon. Extremely rigid codes define proper behavior in virtually every social situation but there are no codes at all to cover many modern contingencies. That is why so much body-checking and elbowing go on in a Tokyo subway or department store. As Author-Translator Edward Seidensticker puts it in his recent *Japan*: "They are extremely ceremonious toward those whom they know, and highly unceremonious toward others. Few urban Japanese bother to say 'Excuse me' after stepping on a person's toes or knocking a book out of his hand—provided the person is a stranger. If he is known, it is very common to apologize for offenses that have not been committed."

The guideline for the Japanese abroad is "No shame away from home." Japan's neighbors learned the meaning of that aphorism from the appalling atrocities committed during the war; in a very different way, they are learning it again today (see box, page 26).

At home, however, extreme overcrowding has led to an overpowering sense of "proper place." Individuality is not a quality sought by most Japanese; even artists usually belong to a group, submerging or sharing their identity. The Japanese are fond of saying that there is a place for every person in their country—but manifestly not for foreigners, who are known as *gaijin* (literally, outside people) and who are discouraged from seeking citizenship or marrying Japanese. The concept of a slot for everyone is best reflected in industry's paternalism. Keeping people in their jobs for life and maintaining a virtually full-employment economy are practices that do not seem to jibe with Japan's emphasis on efficiency. But the Japanese figure shrewdly that they are gaining in social stability whatever they may be losing in wasted salaries.

Fads and Frivolity

Things get done in Japan not by the impulse of a forceful individual but by a process of consensus. The process can be time-consuming, but not always. One result is that fads are epidemic. Paris fashions and the latest rock beats reach Tokyo almost as quickly as they reach New York. The current singing sensation is Osamu Minagawa, a Tokyo six-year-old whose recording of something called *Kuro Neko No Tan-go* (Black Cat Tango) has sold 2,000,000 records, mostly on the basis of his imitation of a meowing cat. Baseball has been booming since Babe Ruth's visit 35 years ago, but now there are also booms in skiing, golf and gambling. Wagers on horse, auto and biplane races totaled \$3 billion last year.

Sex, too, is enjoying a boom as a spectator sport, with scores of strip joints

and nude theaters—but not, as yet, topless waitresses. The Ginza is still Tokyo's main entertainment street, but the rising art district is Akasaka, where ground-floor bar patrons in the Biblos bend not only their elbows but also their necks—to leer at couples dancing on a transparent plastic floor above. Of the 493 movies that Japan produced last year, 250 were adults-only "erotications." The hottest flick right now is—what else?—*Sexo 70*.

Tea and Origami

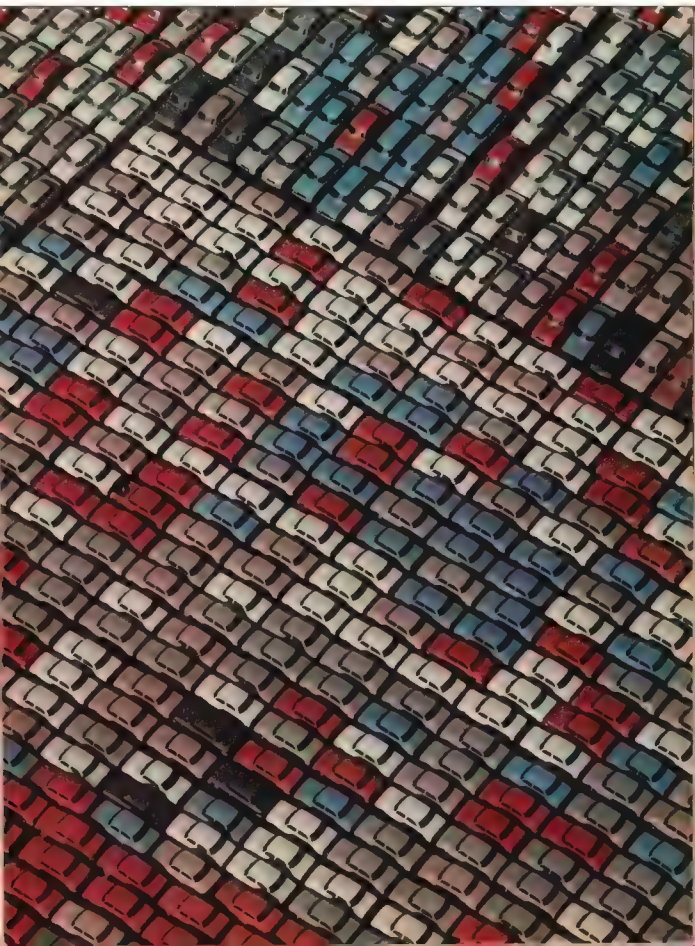
Though Japan's biggest daily, the *Asahi Shimbun*, has suggested that the country be renamed "Kindergarten Nippon," not all the fads are frivolous. Theater and concert performances are usually S.R.O., especially if the bill is Western. The Berlin Opera's six month appearance in Osaka during Expo has been sold out for a year. Music lessons are all the rage, and at one Tokyo music school four-year-olds learn to play Bach on miniature pianos and violins. At the Tokyo Culture Hall, children flock to the orchestra pit at intermission time to ogle their heroes—cellists and bassoon players.

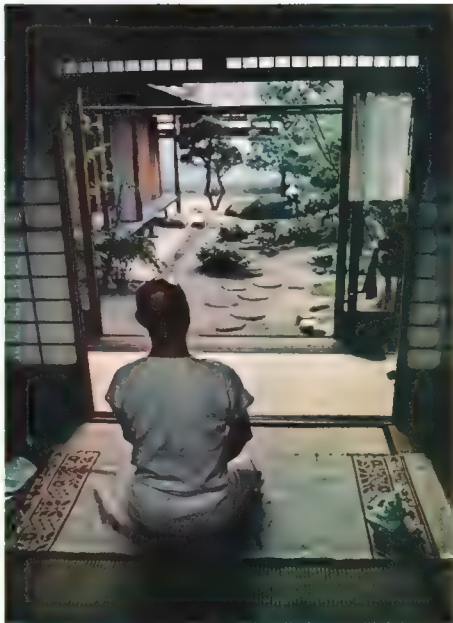
Despite their hunger for the new, the Japanese still show a marked interest in their heritage. Housewives flock to schools to learn origami (paper folding), flower arrangement and the ancient tea ceremony just as unmarried girls fill charm and beauty schools. More flues are out on holidays, and the man's formal kimono is making a modest comeback. Novelist Yukio Mishima (*Forbidden Colors*) has formed his own private army of 100 men to help restore discipline, patriotism and pride in young Japanese. But many artists are exceptions to the growing preoccupation with Japanese identity. They consider their work to be their passports. Says Novelist (*The Ruined Map*) Kobo Abe: "We have nothing left to mark ourselves as particularly Japanese and we tend to regard ourselves as people with the same aspirations as our counterparts in the U.S. and Europe. Who asks if Kafka was Czech, Austrian or German? His main mark was that he was modern."

The boom that is propelling Japan toward superpower status has been aided hugely by an unparalleled era of free trade that has prevailed virtually everywhere—except in Japan. Pleading postwar poverty and a paucity of resources, Tokyo's bureaucrats created a hothouse economy, sheltered from foreign competition by a network of quotas, tariffs and other trade barriers.

Some rough spots remain. Japan suffers from a labor shortage. Unemployment runs a mere .8%. Those born in the post-1945 baby boom are already at work, those who arrived afterward tend to spend more time in school. As a result, companies have pushed the re-

Toyota cars massed on docks at Nagoya, where 3,000 autos are loaded on special ships for export every day.

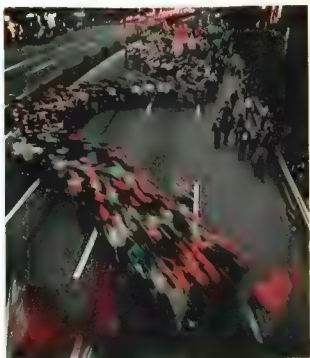




Facing traditional rock garden in his Kobe home, Masashi Isano, chairman of Kawasaki Heavy Industries, begins each day in meditation (left). He is clad in Western garb to run his multimillion dollar firm a business suit for the office (below, left) and a hard hat to check work on a 127,000-ton tanker at company's Kobe shipyard.

Japan does not adopt Western styles, it adapts them. At right, Tokyo Designer Keiko Anzai models her latest fashions, as kooky as anything Carnaby Street has produced. At far right, ululating Tokyo students perform a snake dance the like of which has yet to be seen in Berkeley or Berlin. The traditional wedding ceremony, however, is truly unique. Below, groom and family pose at shrine in Kyoto with bride, whose headdress hides "horns of jealousy."









Kinkaku-ji, Kyoto's Temple of the Golden Pavilion, is one of Japan's most famous Buddhist temples.

In Osaka's Dotonbori area, night life brings a phantasmagoria of neon lights.



Right-Wing Writer Yukio Mishima reviews his 100-man private army (left) on roof of Tokyo's National

Theater. Back in mufti (above), he directs an actor in a play based on an ancient Samurai legend





Thin strips of wood listing misdeeds of townspeople who have died in the past year are burned at a small Shinto shrine near Kyoto—a local ceremony absolving the dead of their earthly sins.

Ikuko-san, 21, a modern Tokyo geisha, shops in mini by day. At night, she is helped into her working dress of kimono and sash as she prepares to entertain guests in the style she began practicing at 15.



Sculptor Masayuki Nagare, 46, kneels before ancient figurine in "cogitation room" of his remote Shikoku Island studio, where he produces huge, sensuous abstracts (one, Stone Crazy, weighs 600 tons).





irement age from 55 to 60, are hiring housewives for part-time jobs, and are resisting moves to cut the 48-hour work week to 40 hours. With salaries soaring (a high school graduate who started out at \$45 a month two years ago now gets \$70) and with workers growing richer, some firms have built plants in Seoul and Taiwan in search of that vanishing national asset, cheap labor. Inflation, now running at an annual rate of 5.6%, looms as a serious problem, but the Japanese have not done much to slow down their fast-paced economy. The colorful kimono that went for \$170 last year now costs \$185, a quart-pint of home-delivered milk has gone from 50¢ to 64¢, and a 28¢ can of tuna is up to 34¢.

Western economists argue that the yen (160 to \$1 at the official rate, 354 on the open market) is undervalued, thus giving Japanese exports an unfair price advantage in world markets. The U.S., with its ailing textile industry and other Western governments are putting strong pressure on Tokyo either to revalue the yen or to liberalize trade. Reluctant to tamper with their currency, the Japanese are expected to carry out a gradual, grudging reduction of barriers against foreign trade and capital over the next couple of years.

The Weaning Process

Ultimately, a far more vexatious issue than any of Japan's economic problems is the nation's future role in Asia and the world. Japan today simply stands too tall and too rich to maintain a low profile—or no profile—for many more years. "This country," says Finance Minister Takeo Fukuda, "can no longer be permitted to think of our own problems without paying attention to the outside world." Foreign Minister Kiichi Aichi agrees. Writing in *Foreign Affairs* recently, he spoke of the need to "gradually weaning the public away from 'little-Japanism'."

Events may hasten the process. Britain will complete its east-of-Suez withdrawal next year, as Defense Minister Denis Healey confirmed in a White Paper last week. A partial U.S. stand down in Asia is in prospect under Rich and Nixon's Guam doctrine, as the President confirmed in his "State of the World" message last week. The West's withdrawal will make it impossible for Japan to keep its head down much longer. Says Harvard's Historian Edwin O. Reischauer, former Ambassador to Tokyo: "The Japanese choice is either a close special relationship with the U.S. or to become a major force on their own. The concept that they can be an elephant-sized Laos is ridiculous."

While some Asian statesmen would welcome more active Japanese diplomatic participation in the region, few relish the idea of a greater military role

for their former conquerors. Says Indonesian Foreign Minister Adam Malik: "An armed Japan which grows into an other big military power would certainly make many Asian countries apprehensive and insecure." Asian leaders note that the Japanese today command more firepower than the combined imperial forces did during World War II. They know that the country will soon start building 105 Phantom jets under license from the U.S., and that a submarine fleet is in the talking stage. And they have heard talk that Tokyo may one day send warships to patrol the narrow Strait of Malacca, to protect its merchant fleet from Indonesian pirates.

For all that, a sizable Japanese military presence is not likely to materialize overnight. Article 9 of the Peace Constitution imposed by the U.S. restricts Japan to defensive forces. To be sure, "defensive" can be interpreted broadly, as both Washington and Moscow have

done. Japan became the fourth member of the exclusive space club (others the U.S., the Soviet Union and France) by putting a 20-lb satellite into orbit from a launch pad on Kyushu Island.

A key factor in Japan's postwar success has been its political stability. The last election produced a voter turnout of only 68%—low for Japan. One reason was that the Liberal Democrats, who have ruled almost without a break since the occupation, looked like certain winners (and in fact won an overwhelming 300 of 486 Diet seats). The Socialists once gave promise of becoming an effective opposition, but they are still promoting a shopworn Marxism that does not sound too magnetic to Japan's increasingly affluent workers.

Engulfed in Mist

The only parties to improve in the last Diet election were the Communists (up ten seats, to 14) and the *Komeito*



SALARY MAN NAKATANI & FAMILY IN TOKYO
After the stereo and color TV, a mink and a foreign car.

demonstrated, but so far, Japan's Self-Defense Force numbers only 259,400 men all volunteers and all entitled to quit any time they want to. The searing memory of Hiroshima and Nagasaki and Japan's signing of the nuclear non-proliferation treaty three weeks ago seem to rule out a nuclear role for the foreseeable future. Japan is technologically capable of building a nuclear arsenal, but such a move would increase Japan's bargain-rate \$1.6 billion defense bill, less than 1% of its G.N.P., compared with 9.2% for the U.S.

One U.S. diplomat in Asia suggests that Japan may be the first nation to score a breakthrough—a superpower without superweapons. Almost certainly however, a nuclear-armed China will eventually persuade Japan to exorcise its post-Hiroshima trauma and begin building its own nukes. Unlike Peking Tokyo has a head start toward a delivery system, two weeks ago, the Jap-

(Clean Government) party, the political arm of the Buddhist *Soka Gakkai* (Value-Creation Society), which went from 25 to 47 seats. *Komeito* is building a growing following among blue-collar urban voters by mixing religion, show business and concern for close-to-home issues such as pollution and prices.

Because Japan is still very much a country of slowly cemented consensus no swift changes are in prospect. Men who are now in their 60s will rule well into the 1970s and they are cautious and uncertain. "Today's leaders," says Kyoto University Professor Kei Wakaizuma, "resemble mountain climbers who, finding themselves engulfed in mist sit down to wait until the fog clears." There are, however, a few details that will not wait. The U.S.-Japan mutual security treaty comes up for reconsideration in June; Sato intends to keep it in effect, though the negotiations are likely to be punctuated by student dem-

With Mount Fuji as a backdrop, the 131-m.p.h. Hikari (Light) races past paddycliffs on the 320-mile Tokaido line between Tokyo and Osaka.

onstrations Sato's majority in the Diet rules out serious parliamentary opposition, and now that he has secured the return of Okinawa from the U.S., the protests may be muted as well.

Richard Nixon has described U.S. Japanese cooperation as "the linchpin for peace in the Pacific," and last week he emphasized that a "cooperative relationship" between Tokyo and Washington is a must for the area. William Bundy, former Assistant Secretary of State for the Far East, agrees. Says Bundy, now attached to M.I.T.: "We consult with the British daily on a broad range of issues. We do the same thing with the Japanese, only more deeply and more intensively."

How long the relationship can endure will depend not on U.S. wishes but Japan's own self-interest. Right now, its interests ally it to the U.S., but they could change as Japan enlarges its role in Asia. In *Alternative in Southeast Asia* former World Bank President Eugene Black argues that "there is very little prospect that Japan will be willing to become a political, much less a military, partner of the U.S. in Southeast Asia." Nor should the U.S. press too hard for such a partnership, he adds, for "the real danger is that we will, wittingly or unwittingly, force the Japanese to choose rearmament rather than co-operation in the years ahead."

Different Dreams

Economist Keiji Sakamoto puts it another way. "If the U.S. produced a chart of where it wants Japan to go in the coming years," he says, "Japan would accept it. But whether it would follow the chart is another matter. We have an expression: '*Doshia mi*'—Same bed, different dreams."

Eisaku Sato's dream, as he expressed it in a speech two weeks ago, is to make the 1970s "an era when Japan's national power will carry unprecedented weight in world affairs." Japan should be a "content but not arrogant" country, he said, whose example would inspire "the whole world to agree that the human race is far richer for Japan's existence." Whether Japan can serve as a model for the rest of the world, or even the rest of Asia is, however, doubtful. In climate, in resources but above all, in the will and skill of its people, the country is unique.

That, of course, is Japan's strength. It has also proved to be an endless source of fascination for Western travelers, who are invariably, and rightly, enchanted by the rugged beauty of its mountains and the exquisite manners of its people. For one of Japan's earliest Western advocates, Lafcadio Hearn, the main thing was "the viewless pressure of numberless past generations" at work in the country. These days the focus is on the future generations of Japan. No one knows what pressures they will feel, but one thing is certain: Japan will, as Sato says, carry weight.

PHILIPPINES

Testy Words in Manila

Less than a month after a massive student attack on the Malacanang presidential palace (TIME, Feb. 16), another violent demonstration took place last week in Manila. This time the target was the U.S. embassy. When it was all over, both the embassy and U.S.-Philippine relations had been somewhat damaged, 78 people were under arrest and the regime of President Ferdinand Marcos seemed less secure than ever.

It all started with a massive but peaceful meeting at Plaza Miranda, where 40,000 students, peasants and workers were trying unsuccessfully to organize a united front for future political action. Egged on by a labor leader's well-worn charge that the CIA was out to

servicemen accused of local crimes are sometimes shipped home before they can stand trial. Nonetheless, when another band of protesters formed a picket line at the embassy three days later, police quickly dispersed them.

President Marcos, under attack by his enemies for his pro-U.S. policies, remained aloof from the squabble. But he betrayed his uneasiness when he told a meeting of local officials about his fear of being killed by "subversive elements"—a notion probably nurtured by the prediction of a soothsayer that he will be assassinated before April.

LAOS

Battle for the Plain

For the forlorn little Laotian government garrison defending the key Xieng Khouang airstrip on the strategic Plain of Jars, the end came at 3 a.m. Two hours earlier, an estimated six North Vietnamese battalions supported by outmoded but still effective Soviet PT-76 tanks had begun their final attack, smashing through the camp's barbed-wire perimeter and crushing all resistance. In his last message, a wounded Laotian radio operator called in air strikes on his own position. The surviving defenders fled west, but were unable to regroup. By noon, the entire plain and its important road network were in the hands of the North Vietnamese.

Last fall, after the area had been under Communist control for five years, government troops under the command of General Vang Pao recaptured it. There was little hope, however, that the plain could be held in the face of a determined Communist counterattack, and over the past few weeks a U.S.-organized airlift had removed some 15,000 civilians from the area (TIME, Feb. 23). A day after the airlift ended, the North Vietnamese struck in strength. For ten days the 6,000 government defenders on the plain held off the 10,000-man enemy force. They were aided considerably by massive U.S. air strikes—including, reportedly, the first use of B-52s on the plain. Airpower, however, was not enough.

Despite U.S. denials, it is common knowledge that the Central Intelligence Agency has for years supported Vang Pao's Meo guerrilla forces, and that Thailand-based American jets fly daily strikes against Communist positions in Laos. The net effect, however, has been simply to maintain the status quo; at week's end, in fact, both sides held positions similar to what they held a year ago. In Vietnamese, more than 100 miles from the battlefield, news of the defeat had little impact. The capital was absorbed in celebrating an important Buddhist holiday—and high-ranking officials concentrated on their tennis.



DEMONSTRATORS AT U.S. EMBASSY
A defenseless hostage?

control the Philippine labor movement some 2,000 of the demonstrators set off for the U.S. embassy. They managed to smash windows for about 45 minutes until Filipino riot police arrived belatedly and dispersed them.

Next day, U.S. Ambassador Henry Byroade fired off an unusually strong protest charging that the Philippine government had ignored his requests (made before the demonstration) to protect his embassy—"a defenseless hostage"—from "an act of wanton vandalism." Foreign Secretary Carlos Romulo, who senses the mood of his country and is less friendly to the U.S. than in former times, apologized for the attack but testily suggested that the embassy "ponder such legitimate grievances" as the Plaza Miranda demonstrators voiced. Presumably he was alluding to oft-repeated charges that U.S. firms plunder Philippine mineral resources and that U.S.



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AFRICA

An Attentive Listener

For Secretary of State William Rogers, it was the touchiest stopover of his 15-day, ten-country African journey. Nigeria's leaders, angered by Washington's clumsily expressed concern over possible genocide in defeated Biafra early last week, were reported close to breaking off relations with the U.S. Their hostility was underscored by an editorial in the Lagos *Daily Express*: "We offer no greetings to William Rogers as he steps on Nigerian soil today. For whatever bright promises and goody-goody talks he may utter, we still consider him *persona non grata* . . . the enemy of this country."

Aware of these sentiments, Rogers was clearly on edge as his military 707 neared Lagos: he wrote his arrival speech, had it typed, then tore it up and rewrote it. In conversations on the plane, he stumbled over some words. At the airport, he nervously greeted Rear Admiral J.E.A. Wey, acting Foreign Minister, as "General," an error that he never corrected.

Once talks got under way with General Yakubu Gowon, Nigeria's chief of state, tensions began to ease. Gowon greeted Rogers warmly, and their discussions lasted half an hour longer than originally scheduled. Before the meeting Rogers had made it clear that the U.S. wanted to cooperate "to the fullest possible extent to help in the problems that result from the war." That hope as it turned out, was forlorn. Though a Nigerian spokesman later said the talks were "very cordial," Rogers received no requests for help. Overall, however, U.S.-Nigeria relations seemed definitely improved.

Earlier in the week, Rogers' talks with Zambian President Kenneth Kaunda, Republic of the Congo President Joseph Mobutu and Cameroun President

Ahmadou Ahidjo had all gone smoothly. To all, he had pledged U.S. moral support for the effort to win freedom for blacks in those nations ruled by white minorities, but had ruled out direct participation in violent solutions. Continuing to display his low profile, Rogers had listened quietly and attentively to Black African leaders, who seemed impressed with his receptivity to ideas. That receptivity was nicely illustrated in Ghana. During talks with Prime Minister Kofi Busia, Rogers was asked for a \$15 million aid loan. The request was granted immediately.

BRITAIN

George—Again

"Every Western Jew is ready to fight to the last Israeli." That remark, made last week in a House of Commons committee room to 500 Laborite "Friends of Israel," seemed calculated to start a riot.

"That's an insult!" a listener shouted. "Shut up!" retorted the speaker, none other than the Deputy Leader of Britain's Labor Party, George Brown, was at it again. Fresh from his remarkable performance last month on an unofficial visit to the Middle East, where he insulted both Israelis and Arabs with cheerful impartiality (TIME, Feb. 2), the outspoken ex-Foreign Secretary refused to be intimidated by his audience. Israeli Prime Minister Golda Meir he declared, is "a tough politician—I love her very much. But I'm fond of Nasser, too. If you want peace, you have to like both peoples. The Jews are wrong to attack Nasser. I think he is an honest man."

When another angry listener accused him of saying "Is-rye-eel" in the Arab manner, Brown quickly responded: "I pronounce it the way my Jewish father-in-law pronounces it." Furthermore, he added, "I can't tell an Arab from a Jew. They are both Semite peoples. They both have noses as long as mine."

SOVIET UNION

The Truth That Hurt

Tvardovsky is truly the poet of "the truth, the whole truth, the truth that goes to the soul—the more of it the better—no matter how bitter."

That accolade to Alexander Tvardovsky was printed with official blessing in *The Great Soviet Encyclopedia* in 1956. But in recent years Tvardovsky's truth has begun to hurt Russia's most popular poet has come under increasing attack for failing to show enough vigilance against "bourgeois ideology" in his magazine, *Novy Mir* (New World). Last week, after four of his top staff members were fired and replaced by men who can be relied upon to follow party dictates faithfully, Tvardovsky could no longer ignore official displeasure; he submitted his resignation as editor of *Novy Mir*.



EX EDITOR TVARDOVSKY
Incalculable loss.

A new editor has not yet been named. For many, both in Russia and the West, the government crackdown on *Novy Mir* and Tvardovsky's resignation marked the end of an era. Since its founding in 1928, the magazine has published most of Russia's greatest contemporary writers. During the twelve years of Tvardovsky's editorship in the post-Stalin period, *Novy Mir* earned the reputation of being one of the best literary magazines published in any language anywhere. In addition to fiction and poetry, Tvardovsky managed to publish articles discussing, in a veiled way, Soviet anti-Semitism, the wretchedness of village life, and other subjects hardly ever mentioned in the controlled press.

But Tvardovsky's greatest service to Russia and Russian literature was his discovery and support of the work of Alexander Solzhenitsyn. It was Tvardovsky, for example, who first brought *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* (see SHOW BUSINESS) to the attention of Nikita Khrushchev. The Premier was so impressed by the novel that he ordered it to be published in *Novy Mir* in 1962. But in 1966 Solzhenitsyn's writings were banned and he was expelled from the Soviet Writers Union last November.

Says Oxford's Max Hayward, one of the leading Western specialists on Soviet literature, Tvardovsky's departure marks the "decapitation" of *Novy Mir* and "an incalculable loss to Russia and the world." The magazine, he adds, "provided the focus for the post-Stalin revival of a critically thinking intelligentsia in Russia." The immediate effect of *Novy Mir's* disappearance as an outlet for independent writers will probably be an increase in the amount of good writing circulating from hand to hand by samizdat, the underground press.



GOWON & ROGERS
Impressive receptivity.

PEOPLE

"I should sit in my corner and not say anything I'm not convinced any more that I know the score." The voice was still harsh and raspy, but Eric Hoffer's mood was unusually mild as he announced that he was giving up his weekly newspaper column, "Reflections," which runs in 400 papers, earning him about \$5,000 a week. "I've got no solutions," the longshoreman-philosopher said. "This country needs solutions. When I write, I'm a passionate person but I can't do it in a column. I slash too much." And Hoffer's replacement? Aaron Wildavsky, dean of the graduate school of public affairs at the University of California at Berkeley, a non-activist Humphrey Democrat who is to the left of Hoffer on race questions but right in step with Hoffer's views on student radicals, he's agin 'em.

It was a case of the medium getting the message when the FCC received a 900-signature petition from indignant Nassau Bay Texans demanding toll-free service to nearby Houston. Heading the list of signatories was that of Astronaut Rusty Schweickart, followed by those of nine other angered astronauts, members of the Committee on Space Telephone Service (COSTS). "We find it intolerable," says Mrs. Schweickart, "that in this age of instant communication with men on the moon, we of the space community should be denied basic communications services."

Alfred Lord Tennyson foresaw it all. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new..." It took time, but as Guy-

ana became a republic, the 73-year-old statue of Tennyson's patron, Queen Victoria, was hoisted indecorously from its place in front of the Supreme Court building in Georgetown. The old lady did not look amused.

Maverick Episcopalian James Pike died near the Dead Sea six months ago, but his widow, Diane, affirms that the bishop is communicating regularly from the Beyond through her dreams. Says she: "I feel I have been given a number of messages from him about the meaning of his experience in the wilderness, his death, my continuing existence after he died, and the nature of our relationship in this new dimension."

A screaming, jostling crowd of 200 rushed them at the airport. When it was all over, the bride had lost the heel of a shoe and her nylons were in shreds. Pursued by paparazzi throughout



DR. BARNARD & BRIDE
Deheeled.

their Roman honeymoon, South Africa's Dr. Christian Barnard and his Barbara took it all in good heart. After all, "those fellows have a job to do too," said the doctor. He may have second thoughts. From their honeymoon odyssey took them to the U.S., where they caught Liza Minnelli's act in New York, viewed the space center at Huntsville, Ala., and attended the Heart Ball in Palm Beach. Result: more batteries of cameras. Upcoming on their trip: Norway, Lebanon and Switzerland.

Paris' Librairie Hachette decided to record a few choice passages from Charles de Gaulle's war memoirs. But who in all Gaul could possibly impersonate le Grand Charles? The choice: Paul-Emile Deiber, an admired Comédie Française actor. His past credits were in peccable—he has played both Zeus and Jesus Christ.

It was billed as a state visit to Kenya, but just try keeping the old hunter away from his guns. During the first



PRESIDENT TITO
Deadly

break in the official proceedings, President Tito of Yugoslavia rushed pell-mell into the wilderness to take a few crack shots at East African wildlife. At the end of his safari, Tito felled a three-ton male rhino, a 21-ton buffalo and a "huge" lion.

After 37 years of litigation, West Germany's Supreme Court upheld a 1967 decision rejecting the claim of Anna Anderson Manahan that she is in fact the Grand Duchess Anastasia, youngest daughter and only surviving child of murdered Czar Nicholas II. Anna, who married former History Lecturer John Manahan in late 1968, refuses to accept the ruling, which also affects her bid for the rumored Romanov fortune reputedly banked by Nicholas in Europe. Said she: "We go on."

The Soviet Union's best-known defector, Svetlana Alliluyeva, confessed that last spring she received some "semi-official" advice from the U.S.S.R. via a visiting Russian musician. She says she was asked to "keep quiet" and write no more. Further, Stalin's daughter—who intends to apply for U.S. citizenship—was also advised not to marry in America. "I told him that I cannot promise," she replied. Not that she has anyone special in mind—but then "how do I know?"

Opera in the buff? Why not? asks comely Diva Anna Moffo, who appears in the nude in the movie *Una Storia d'Amore*. "I would strip in grand opera as completely as I do in motion pictures," she maintains. "By dropping clothes I think I drop not merely the so-called moral inhibitions but also a few others." Next, *Oh! Carmen!*



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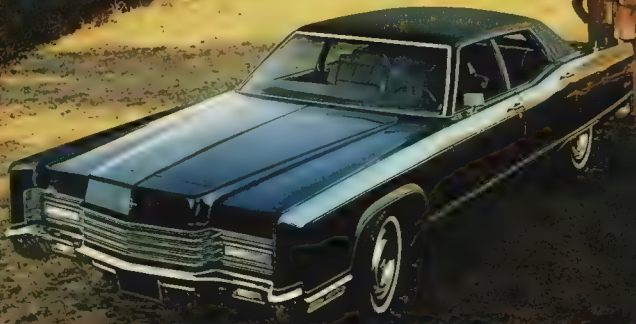
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LINCOLN-MERCURY



MEDICINE

Fluorides Revisited

By proclamation of the American Dental Association, February began with Children's Dental Health Week. It was the 25th anniversary of the world's first test, in Grand Rapids, of an attempt to fluoridate water supplies so that children would need fewer fillings—and fewer extractions. The Grand Rapids program was soon followed by a similar test in Newburgh, N.Y. The results were checked against the dental decay rate of children in comparable cities without fluoridation: Muskegon, Mich., and Kingston, N.Y.

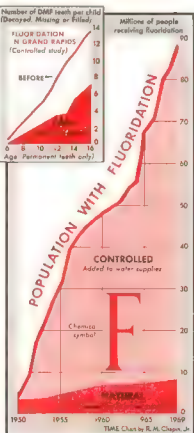
Originally, a mere few hundred scattered U.S. communities had fluorides in their water supplies, deposited by nature in the soils through which the waters flow. The value of man's muting nature was soon apparent in the Grand Rapids experiment, which showed a dramatic reduction in the number of children's cavities (see chart). With that and similar proof from Newburgh, the campaign for nationwide fluoridation began. Despite diehard opposition, it has now progressed to the point where 43% of the total U.S. population has this anticavity protection.

Evidence in Bones. As long ago as 1916, Dentist Fredrick S. McKay of Colorado Springs noted that many of his patients had curiously mottled teeth, but that they had developed few or no cavities. He later suggested the reason: the city's water contained more than two parts per million of fluorine salts. It was a logical if slow progression from that to the carefully controlled studies of the 1940s and the continuing campaign since then.

The ideal amount of fluorine salts in public water has been established as one part per million. Less than that gives inadequate protection against decay; double that, or more, causes mottling. The question that has agitated hundreds of U.S. communities is whether fluorides,* even in a dilution of one part per million, are safe. The answer, from scientifically controlled studies in many countries, is an unequivocal yes on the basis of the evidence. But strident opposition has come from Christian Scientists, the Ku Klux Klan, the John Birch Society and a handful of physiologists and dentists. They assert that fluorides (among other effects) increase the incidence of mongolism, cancer, allergies, and sterility, and even make the teeth fall out.

The facts are clear from studies of inhabitants of such places as Colorado Springs who were conceived and lived all their lives there. These people have no higher incidence of disease of the

heart, arteries, kidneys, liver or lungs than people who have lived the same sort of life in, say, Boulder, Colo., which lacks natural fluoridation. The same is true also of the townspeople of Lubbock or Bartlett, Texas, where the natural fluorides are too highly concentrated, as high as four and eight parts per million. (Some of these towns are now "defluoridating" down to the optimum 1 p.p.m.) Oldtimers there are found to have harder bones, with more fluorides in them, than their kin in non-fluoridated areas. At East Carolina Uni-



versity, Dr. Hal J. Daniel III has studied the stapes bones (in the middle ear, and essential to hearing) of residents in high and low-fluoride areas. He finds evidence of much more deafness from stapes disease in low-fluoride areas.

Drinking a Tubful. Opponents point out that fluorides can be poisonous, and indeed are used in some pesticides. True, but the determining factor is the concentration. A 150-lb man will get sick if he ingests .25 gm. of fluoride in one day, very sick on 1 gm., and will die with 4 to 8 gm. To ingest even that first .25 gm., he would have to drink more than half a bathtubful of water (42 gal.) containing 1 p.p.m., or for 1 gm., more than three bathtubfuls

(or 276 gal.). Long before he could become ill from the fluoride, he would be dead from water intoxication.

Admittedly, fluoridation of water is not the whole answer to dental health. The fluorides protect the sides of the teeth more than the grinding surfaces of molars, which have tiny fissures in them where decay often begins, especially in adolescents. For these surfaces, Dr. Michael Buonocore of the Eastman Dental Center in Rochester has devised a technique of coating with plastic film. Fluoridated toothpastes have won the approval of the American Dental Association (though not of all individual dentists) as a useful adjunct to water fluoridation. Another possibility, on which the National Institute of Dental Research is working, is the development of an antibiotic that would selectively keep down the bacteria known to be a major factor in the beginning of decay. Such a discovery may be years away. Meanwhile, water fluoridation remains the most effective, safest and cheapest shield against cavities. At 10¢ per person a year, it would cost \$13 million to fluoridate all remaining public water supplies, the institute estimates. And that would save \$700 million a year in dentists' fees for fillings, aside from millions of toothaches.

Of Mice and Leprosy

The fleshy pads beneath the feet of the common house mouse and its albino kin in the laboratory are so tiny that it takes a highly imaginative researcher to suggest how they might be useful in the control of human leprosy. Dr. Charles C. Shepard had that kind of imagination. He knew that countless other investigators had failed to persuade Hansen's bacillus, the microbe that causes leprosy, to grow in lab animals—a vital step in virtually all infectious-disease research. At the National Communicable Disease Center in Atlanta, Shepard reasoned that perhaps the bacilli needed a cool environment like that in the foot pads of mice. Shepard injected bacilli into the pads, and after he had waited patiently for months, they multiplied.

Last week, for this achievement, Shepard received the first annual World Leprosy Day Award at a San Francisco gathering of leprologists. In the decade since his bacilli began to grow, and as a direct result of his work, the lot of leprosy patients in many countries has markedly improved and at least two promising new drug treatments have been developed. The prospect is for rapid progress in the next few years.

While it has long been known that leprosy is one of the most difficult diseases to catch, nevertheless some people still catch it. Shepard's foot-pad test, involving the injection of disease

* The element fluorine (chemical symbol F) is added to water in the form of several compounds, notably fluosilicic acid, sodium fluosilicate and sodium fluoride. For convenience, all are described simply as fluorides.

* There are an estimated 15 million victims around the world, mostly in the tropics but some as far away as Scandinavia; the U.S. has about 3,000 known victims.

RELIGION



SHEPARD IN LAB
Into the tiny foot pads

material into mice to see whether hair cells grow out, has enabled U.S. Public Health Service physicians to show that after a few months of treatment with a sulfone drug (Dapsone), most patients are virtually noninfectious. Then they can safely be released from hospitals to live at home with their families and go to work. And it is now possible to determine in a few months what used to take several years; whether a new drug treatment is effective.

Help from Thalidomide. This is important because Dapsone must be taken either every day by mouth or injected twice a week, which is both costly and troublesome. But now a new sulfone, acronically named DADDS, is being tested by PH's doctors in a long-lasting injection form. Its protective effect appears to endure for months.

A second medication also being hailed for certain leprosy patients is the drug that has been more thoroughly damned than any other in history: thalidomide. Of course it is not being given to women of childbearing age, but at the PH's Hospital in Carville, La., and at several other centers in the U.S. and elsewhere, it has been shown to arrest some phases of the disease process, although it is no cure. What encourages leprosy specialists most is the fact that the number of patients regularly attending clinics is increasing. Not because the disease is becoming more common, but because, with fear reduced and hope increased, proportionately more victims are presenting themselves for treatment. New York City, with three clinics already serving more than 100 patients, has now added a fourth, more specialized unit in lower Manhattan. The name over the door was designed to be disarming—"HD Clinic," for Hansen's disease. The word leprosy is still considered too alarming, but the disease is losing some of its terror.

The Church Uniting, Slowly

For a decade, mainstream U.S. Protestantism has been groping toward institutional unity. Now it has a concrete proposal to bring it about. Last week a 15-man commission headed by Southern Presbyterian William Benfield Jr. announced a detailed, 147-page plan to bring together the nine denominations that belong to the Consultation on Church Union.

The unity proposal is a lucid, anxious compromise that strives to preserve the best elements of widely varying traditions of piety and polity. Tentatively called "The Church of Christ Uniting" to imply its openness to other groups that may want to join, the proposed superchurch will be theologically broad-minded in its approach to doctrine but notably bureaucratic in structure. In many ways, it suggests a kind of Episcopalianism writ large and low. It will also be pointedly interracial.

Parishes will be formed out of several existing member congregations, chosen not necessarily from the same neighborhood but specifically to give them a social and racial mix. (Planners are already wary of reactions from congregations who may resent their loss of independence.) Above the parishes will rise a hierarchical pyramid, districts, regions (both presided over by bishops) and finally a powerful national church government, a biennial national assembly and a standing general council headed by a presiding bishop. Partly to appease the growing separatist feeling in the three black churches participating in the Consultation, the plan requires that the first presiding bishop be black.

Sensibly Ambiguous. Bishops as well as district and parish committees will have to approve any parish's choice for a new minister, or "presbyter," as he will be called. Bishops will be elected to renewable four-year terms, not for life. All bishops and ministers in the new church's member denominations will be accepted without reconsecration or reordination—a provision that is likely to disturb High Church Episcopalians who may not feel that a projected unification rite is enough to assure "apostolic succession," an unbroken link with the Apostles.

The plan's references to doctrine and scripture are intentionally, and perhaps sensibly, ambiguous. The church "accepts the Apostles' and Nicene creeds as witnessing to the mighty acts of God recorded in Scripture," but they

The nine, in order of size: the United Methodist Church, the Episcopal Church, the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., the United Church of Christ, the Christian Methodist Episcopal Church, the African Methodist Episcopal Church, the Presbyterian Church in the U.S. (Southern), the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church and the Christian Methodist Episcopal Church.

are not to be used "coercively" as the norm of doctrine. The Bible is vaguely described as the "unique authority," which "witnesses to God's revelation," rather than God's written word. The church will allow both infant baptism and believers' baptism, the latter to include confirmation. The Lord's Supper of the "Church Uniting" will be open to anyone now admitted to Communion in any Christian church.

Grass-Roots Criticism. The plan will certainly be modified by the COCU delegates who will meet during March in St. Louis to analyze it in detail. Episcopals, for instance, are likely to object strongly to the new church's recognition of women clergy, while the Disciples of Christ, who have traditionally opposed a strong central authority, will probably want more congregational autonomy. But grass roots criticism from the member churches themselves may take a different tack.

Theological conservatives are likely to be far more disturbed by the proposal's secularistic definition of the church's mission than by the structural problems. As the drafters put it: "The affirmation of Christ's Lordship over creation, including the secular city, must be related to the real struggles of the people in the social, economic and political structures of this day."

Many laymen and clergy today believe that their churches have already gone too far in playing up social activism to the point of ignoring personal redemption and preaching of the Gospel. Partly because of the growing squabble over activism, and partly over the issue of ecumenism itself, total enrollment in the nine Consultation churches is down more than 1,000,000 members in the past three years alone.



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SPORT

Denny the Dupe

I'm just a small town boy Money impresses me Big business impresses me Important people impress me. I'm a mercenary. I admit it, I want to be a billionaire

So said Denny McLain en route to winning 31 games for the Detroit Tigers in 1968. His daydreams were both ambitious and ingenuous: the foot of J. Paul Getty and the life-style of Frank Sinatra, a fellow he admired because he doesn't give a damn about anything." As of last week, McLain was far from being a billionaire. He did suc-



McLAIN & INJURED TOES IN 1967

For a small-town boy, big-time ambitions.

ceed, though, in emulating Sinatra somewhat. The day after Frankie testified before a committee investigating organized crime in his native New Jersey, Denny appeared before a federal grand jury in Detroit that is investigating a nationwide sports gambling ring.

Mighty Mouth, as some Detroit fans call McLain, had a lot of explaining to do. According to an article in last week's **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, the star pitcher was one of the partners in a handbook operating out of a restaurant bar in Flint, Mich., in 1967. McLain, an accomplished musician, first became involved with **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, when he was hooked into the Shorthorn Steak House to play the organ. There he met one Jigs Gazell, a bookie who reportedly has connections with a local Syrian mob loosely allied with Detroit's Cosa Nostra. With get-rich-quick promises, Jigs reportedly offered to cut McLain in on the action if he would back the op-

eration with "a few thousand dollars," McLain and his close friend, Edwin Schober, then vice president of Pepsi-Cola Metropolitan Bottling Co. in Detroit, fell for it.

Lingering Stink. "McLain," reports SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, "who had previously been betting basketball and hockey with the Syrians—and losing—agreed and put up the money. Poor, dumb Denny, who is also known to his teammates as Dolphin, because he is a fish as a gambler—was easy game. The money the bettors lost was taken by the Syrians. The payouts on winning bets came from the money McLain and fatherly Ed Schober invested."

Trouble came when a local high-roller wagered \$8,000 on a race at the Detroit Race Course. His horse won, and the payoff was supposed to be \$46,600. When McLain failed to cough up the money, says SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, he was called before Tony Cicalcone, strong-arm man for Detroit City Nosira Boss Joe Zerilli. Tough Tony put his foot down—hard, right on McLain's toes. According to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Denny explained in one of several versions that he had dislocated his toes at home while chasing raccoons away from his garbage cans. At the time Detroit was lighting the Boston Red Sox for the pennant McLain was no help: he lost his last three games of the season, ending with a 17-16 record.

Shortly before the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED article appeared, Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn called McLain in for a long discussion about "certain off-the-field activities" in 1967. Though Kuhn later announced that there was "no indication" that McLain's actions "in any way involve the playing or outcome of baseball games," the stink lingered on. Citing a gangland source, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED says that Tony Lucadello, brother Billy beat big money on Boston to win the 1967 pennant, and that he also bet heavily against Detroit in their final, pennant-deciding game of the season with the California Angels. Having already lost two, possibly three pitched games because of an injured toe, McLain nevertheless came out to start this game. He was bombed off the mound in the third inning after allowing three runs. Detroit lost the game 8-5, and the pennant.

Uncertain Future. Last weeks Denry the Dupe played hide-and-seek with creditors who are trying to evict him from his suburban Detroit home for non-payment of seven months' rent, his future in baseball was uncertain. With interests in a paint company, an air freight service and a television store franchise, he claims a yearly income of \$200,000, included is his \$90,000 Tiger salary, the checks for which are being sent to a Detroit bank to pay off an outstanding loan of \$30,000.

At week's end, when the Tigers

opened their spring training camp in Lakeland, Fla., McLain was among those missing. He had just been called in for another long talk with Commissioner Kuhn, after which Kuhn announced that he was suspending McLain until a full investigation into his bookmaking was completed. If any of the allegations prove true, it could well mean the end of McLain's career.

Free at Last?

Jimmy Ellis looked beautiful as he bounded into the ring resplendent in gold satin robe with sparkling lapels. He pruned. He danced. And, while 18,079 fight fans in Madison Square Garden roared in anticipation, he tauntingly aimed a flurry of punches at Joe Frazier standing across the ring. Twelve



FRAZER JOLTING ELLS

For the disputed "undisputed" title

minutes and four rounds later, Ellis looked awful. Eyes glazed and face puffed he sat in his corner while Manager Angelo Dundee sponged his forehead and asked him questions. No response. Then Dundee pinched Ellis' pained his knees and shoved ice down his trunks. Still no response. Mercifully, as the bell sounded for Round 5, Dundee, surrendered thereby awarding the heavyweight title to Bob Frazier on a technical knockout.

Pre-fight speculation had it that Ellis the fast and classy stylist, might be able to outmaneuver Frazier, the brawling club fighter. Circling and backpedaling, Ellis did score with enough combinations to win the first round. Yet, by the third round, it was apparent that he needed something besides style. Grinning after one exchange, Frazier chided his opponent "Sissy, you can't hit. I'm takin' everything you got, man, and you ain't hurtin' me."

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me." In the fourth round Frazier bullied Ellis into the ropes and felled him with two crunching left hooks. Ellis staggered to his feet only to be bludgeoned to the floor again by another murderous left. The bell sounded at the count of 5, and Ellis somehow made it to his corner to lose sitting down. Frazier, a disciple of Martin Luther King's, hopped around the ring crying "Free at last! Free at last!"

Free, he meant, of the controversy about who is the real world champion. Before the fight, Ellis was recognized as the titleholder by the World Boxing Association while Frazier ruled in six U.S. states. The conflict produced such absurdities as two sets of posters for the fight, one giving Ellis top billing and the other placing Frazier on top. Now, with his 22nd knockout in 25 consecutive victories, Frazier holds the title of "undisputed" champion.

Or does he? There is plenty of dispute from Muhammad Ali (né Cassius Clay), the fellow whom *Ring* magazine still lists as the No. 1 heavyweight. Shortly after he was stripped of his title in 1967 over a draft-evasion charge, Muhammad prophesied that he would return to spook the sport. "There I'll be, wearing a sheet and whispering, 'Ali-e-e-e-e, Ali-e-e-e-e.' I'll be the ghost that haunts boxing, and people will say Ali is the real champ and anyone else is a fake." Last week, at a telecast of the Frazier-Ellis fight in the Philadelphia Arena, Ali wasn't whispering. He shadowboxed in the aisle and wailed: "I want Frazier! I'm starting my comeback now!"

Even at Leavenworth. Nonsense or not, the presence of "the loudmouth," as he calls him, bugs Frazier. At 26 Joe is just two years younger than the champion-in-exile, and he knows that not until he defeats Ali in the ring can he completely shuck the "fake champ" label Frazier's manager, Yancey Durham, has always told him.

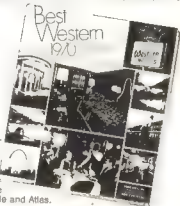
Every time you're fighting, you got to think you're in there with Clay." Repeatedly asked about the former champ whose conviction is currently under appeal, Frazier says: "I'd love to fight Clay, even at Leavenworth, if they jail him."

Though chances seem remote last week one of Ali's lawyers announced that he was opening negotiations for a match with Frazier in Toronto in May. With no other worthy opponent in sight Frazier and the rest of the boxing world could only savor the prospect. After last week's bout, Frazier allowed that he was going to take his 30% share of the gate, which should come to \$300,000 or so, and go to Las Vegas to debut his nightclub singing act with a nine-piece combo called the Knockouts. Then he said, "I'm gonna wait until that other fella can fight me. I'm gonna sing rock 'n' roll until that Muhammad Ali or Cassius Clay or whatever his name is can fight me." Of such stuff are dreams—and ghosts—made.

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Empty your hands.
And roll up your sleeves.
With The American Red Cross.**



Radical Saul Alinsky: Prophet of Power

SSAUL ALINSKY has possibly antagonized more people—regardless of race, color or creed—than any other living American. From his point of view, that adds up to an eminently successful career: his aim in life is to make people mud enough to fight for their own interests. "The only place you really have consensus is where you have totalitarianism," he says, as he organizes conflict as the only route to true progress. Like Machiavelli, whom he has studied and admires, Alinsky teaches how power may be used. Unlike Machiavelli, his pupil is not the prince but the people.

It is not too much to argue that American democracy is being altered by Alinsky's ideas. In an age of dissolving political labels, he is a radical—but not in the usual sense and he is certainly a long way removed from New Left extremists. He has instructed white slums and black ghettos in organizing to improve their living and working conditions; he inspired Cesar Chavez's effort to organize California's grape pickers. His strategy was emulated by the Federal Government in its antipoverty and model-cities programs; the poor have been encouraged to participate in measures for their relief instead of just accepting handouts.

A sharing of power, thinks Alinsky, is what democracy is all about. Where power is lacking, so are hope and happiness. Alinsky seeks power for others, not for himself. His goal is to build the kind of organization that can dispense with his services as soon as possible. Nor does he confine his tactics to the traditionally underprivileged. Although he has largely helped the very poor, he has begun to teach members of the alienated middle classes how to use power to combat increasingly burdensome taxes and pollution.

In his view, the end of achieving power justifies a wide range of means. "To get anywhere," Alinsky teaches, "you've got to know how to communicate. With city hall, the language is votes, just as with a corporation it's stock power. This means that they never hear with their ears but only through their rears." He knows how to kick. To force slumlords, corporations or city officials to clean up buildings, provide jobs or stop cheating consumers, he resorts to picketing, boycotts, rent strikes and some imaginative dramatic stunts. He had garbage dumped on an alderman's driveway to make the point that collections were inadequate in the slums; ghetto rats were ceremoniously deposited on the steps of city hall. If the occasion requires, Alinsky's forces will not refrain from spreading rumors about an antagonist or indulging in something that comes very close to blackmail. "Our organizers," he says, "look for the wrong reasons to get the right things done." He has only contempt for liberals who appeal to the altruism of their opponents: "A liberal is the kind of guy who walks out of a room when the argument turns into a fight."

Help from the Establishment

In order to succeed, Alinsky believes, a community organization must confront or conjure up an enemy of impressive stature. In the early '60s, he was having trouble organizing the Woodlawn neighborhood of Chicago until the University of Chicago presented itself as a fat target. Planning to tear down part of Woodlawn to make room for an expansion program, the university committed the tactical error of attacking Alinsky as a provocateur. That convinced the suspicious Woodlawn blacks that Alinsky was on their side. When he started organizing the Negro ghetto in Rochester in 1965, Alinsky found another suitable opponent in the Eastman Kodak Co., which refused to deal with Alinsky's organization, FIGHT (Freedom, Independence, God, Honor). Today, thereby enhancing its appeal to Negroes. Ultimately, the company was haggard into providing more jobs for the ghetto unemployed. Says Alinsky, "I can always depend on the Establishment to do the wrong thing at the right time."

Even Alinsky's everyday habits and gestures are intended to demonstrate the uses of power. Once, while addressing stu-



SAUL ALINSKY

dents at an Eastern college in the campus chapel, he lit up a cigarette. The college president rose to tell him that smoking was not allowed, whereupon Alinsky started to leave. "No smoking, no speech," he announced. The embarrassed president at once relented; though having made his point, Alinsky refrained from smoking. He upholds the public's right to good service in restaurants; to eat, attention, he will throw a glass on the floor or below insults at the waiter.

When he is not performing, however, Alinsky hardly fits the radical stereotype. The gruff public harangue gives way to gentle, witty cajolery. The four letter words that normally shock become almost terms of endearment.

He compulsively seeks out companionship because he unabashedly likes people—all kinds of people, from waiters and airline stewardesses to journalists and even corporation presidents. Alinsky seems genuinely to enjoy life, as if he had discharged all residue of guilt and resentment in purposeful action. The notorious agitator begins to seem more like a secret philosopher whose model is Socrates rather than Lenin.

Alinsky deliberately cultivates his split personality, he believes that a well-developed case of schizophrenia is essential to successful radicalism. The radical knows in his heart that life is tragic, men are complex, and every course of action involves a choice of evils. Nevertheless, he must act as if he were utterly convinced of the righteousness of his cause. Only by so doing can he rally his supporters and intimidate the opposition. The Founding Fathers, Alinsky points out, were well aware of the benefits that England had bestowed on the colonies. But what impact would the Declaration of Independence have had, if it had given King George credit for his good deeds? Yet once a radical has achieved a position of power, insists Alinsky, he must negotiate on the basis of the world as it is: "Compromise is a noble word that sums up democracy." Alinsky claims to be doing nothing more un-American than following the precepts of the Founding Fathers. In the *Federalist* papers, James Madison warned against allowing any class or faction to acquire too much power. In his own way, Alinsky is trying to redress the balance of power within contemporary America. If the desire to preserve basic American principles makes one a conservative, then he indeed qualifies. His more boisterous exploits may have endeared him to Yippee Abbie Hoffman, but his efforts to reconstruct a viable society have won the respect of Nixon Aide Pat Moynihan. He surely offers proof—if any is needed—that significant change can be accomplished within the American system.

Alinsky grew up in Chicago, experiencing many of the same frustrations that now embitter the city's blacks. The son of a Jewish tailor from Russia, he burned as a youth with the need to compensate for his own lack of power. "I never thought of walking on the grass," he recalls, "until I saw a sign saying 'Keep off the grass.' Then I would stomp all over it." He studied archaeology at the University of Chicago, but what really excited him was spending a summer helping dissident miners in their revolt against John L. Lewis' United Mine Workers. Later he wrote a biography

to the People

of Lewis, who became a close friend and mentor. After graduation, he received his first lesson in the realities of power when, as a graduate fellow in criminology, he studied Al Capone's gang. He learned that in the Chicago of the 1930s, crime was the Establishment. "When one of those guys got knocked off, there wasn't any court. Most of the judges were at the funeral, and some were pallbearers."

It was hatred of Hitler that first impelled Alinsky to try his hand at organization. In the so-called Back of the Yards section of Chicago in the late '30s, fascism was making many converts among the jobless, bitterly frustrated slum-dwellers. "This was not the slum across the tracks," recalls Alinsky. "This was the slum across the tracks from across the tracks." By organizing a series of sit-downs and boycotts, he forced the neighborhood meat packers and slum-lords to meet the demands of the community for a better life. Alien ideologies lost their force, and Back of the Yards became the model of a stable neighborhood.

The Yards gave Alinsky a name. The Chicago Democratic machine was upset that he had challenged its iron control of the city, but Publisher Marshall Field and Roman Catholic Bishop Bernard J. Sheil gave him enough backing to set up the Industrial Areas Foundation, an organization that seeks to apply the Alinsky methods to other slums. Operating on a \$150,000-a-year budget, I.A.F. has a basic staff of eleven; other organizers are put on the payroll when the need arises. I.A.F. has gone into Rochester, Buffalo and Kansas City, Mo., and has set up Mexican-American organizations in California. Not all of Alinsky's endeavors have succeeded. In the Chelsea district of New York City and in Kansas City, I.A.F. suffered significant defeats. Local groups became so obsessed with conflict that they could not agree among themselves and wound up more bitterly divided after Alinsky left than before he came.

Willingness to Surrender

The community-power movement, in fact, has taken a turn not originally envisioned by Alinsky. He has always tried to make sure that demagogues did not get control of his organizations. But by building up such a fierce sense of group solidarity and resentment of the outsider, he may have unwittingly contributed to a new kind of racism. Today, Back of the Yards is under attack for keeping Negroes out; Alinsky threatens to organize the neighborhood all over again. In Rochester, FIGHT became tainted with black racism and whites have been discouraged from joining. In an updated version of his 1946 textbook on organization, *Revolve for Radicals*, Alinsky wonders how white liberals can believe in the dignity of all races when they are so willing to surrender their own by submitting to outrageous attacks from blacks. "During the trial of Black Pan-

ther Leader Huey Newton, many liberals wore buttons reading 'Honkies for Huey!'" he notes. "Can you imagine, if a white civil-rights leader were on trial, that blacks would go about with buttons reading 'Niggers for so-and-so?'"

Alinsky is equally impatient with white student radicals because of their innocence about power. "You never take an action," he says, "without first figuring out the reaction. Periodic mass euphoria around a charismatic leader is not an organization." He feels that utopian militants are just as much dropouts from society as hippies, because both "dogmatically refuse to begin with the world as it is." He has little faith in the staying power of some of the more belligerent radicals; often they are the first to give up when the going gets rough. "He who lives by the sword shall perish by the champagne cocktail."

Threat of Paranoia

Despite his interest in helping the poor to help themselves, Alinsky believes that no durable reform is possible without the backing of at least a substantial portion of middle-class Americans. Today they are ripe, he feels, for his kind of power-oriented organization. They are squeezed by taxes and inflation, bewildered by the revolt of youth against everything they stand for. "Their fears and frustrations at their helplessness," says Alinsky, "amount to a political paranoia which can demonize them to turn to the law of survival in the narrowest sense."

One Alinsky proposal to help the middle class seize its share of power is Proxies for People, a group that will solicit proxies to be used at stockholders' meetings. This organization would put pressure on corporations to stop polluting the environment or to support such social causes as better mass transportation. If enough concerned stockholders show up at annual meetings, contends Alinsky, corporations will eventually have to rent Yankee Stadium to accommodate them all and will hardly be able to ignore their demands. Proxies for People, he thinks, would restore an "adventure in living to the dead majority, and might even bridge the generation gap, since both parents and children would be fighting the same problems from different angles."

Proxies for People demonstrates Alinsky's unsurpassed flair for the dramatic gesture. Some fault him, however, for lack of follow-through, for jumping too quickly from one project to the next. His reply is that he pulls out as soon as he can to give local leadership a chance. It is true, though, that he is spread perilously thin. Operating on his I.A.F. income of \$25,000 a year, he seems to live at airports as he speeds from one speaking engagement to the next. At 61, having suffered personal disasters (his first wife, by whom he had two children, drowned; he recently divorced his second), Alinsky has a keen sense of mortality and seems to find more satisfaction in the pursuit than in the attainment of a goal. No ultimate utopia lies over the horizon for him. "Every time you resolve a problem," he says, "you create another. My life is a quest for the unexpected." After life? They'll send me to hell, and I'll organize it."

Pensées of a Lifelong Provocateur

IDEOLOGY "When you have one, you suffer from the delusion that you know all the answers. I certainly don't."

TODAY'S YOUTH CULT "It has been said that patriotism is the last refuge of the scoundrel. Today 'youth' has become the refuge of the ignorant and confused."

PATRIOTISM "I'm very critical of the U.S., but get me outside the country and all of a sudden I can't bring myself to say one nasty thing about the U.S. You can't renounce something unless you have something else."

CIVIL RIGHTS "Civil rights is a movement, and a movement without organization is nothing more than a bowel movement."

BUSINESSMEN "I can approach a capitalist on Friday and ask him to make a revolution on Saturday so that he will make a profit on Sunday even though he will be guillotined on Monday."

POLITICAL SNOBBERY "Student radicals accuse me of organizing the poor for decadent, degenerate, bourgeois, bankrupt immoral values. But do you know what the poor want? They want a bigger

slice of those decadent, degenerate, bourgeois, bankrupt, immoral values."

REVOLUTION "After you have the power, you can begin to confront the issues. Until that time, it's what we call duplicitous tactics."

BLACK POWER "The black in the gray flannel dachshi is an animated abstract wandering around making revolution only in his rhetoric."

SUCCESS "I called my staff together and told them: 'Don't worry, men. We're going to pull through this storm of approval just as hated as we ever were.'"

BEHAVIOR

Now It's Neurotics Anonymous

Despite the décor—rows of balloons and cupid cut from red paper—the meeting more nearly suggested a religious service than the first annual convention of Neurotics Anonymous. All of the 250 delegates gathered in the ballroom of Los Angeles' Royal Palms Hotel were confessed neurotics. But to most the designation was a source of pride, not humiliation. When a man in his 20s—one of the few young delegates—rose to report that he had found God again through N.A., his announcement was greeted calmly, after all, nearly everyone there could say the same.

"I was hurting at gut level, if you know what I mean," said another speaker, a middle-aged Negro woman. She predicted cheerfully that dissolving her emotional problems "layer by layer" would probably take a lifetime. From a reformed alcoholic the conventioneers drew vicarious inspiration. "I was an old man at 16," he said, "and now I feel like a kid. It's sure swell to see a whole bunch of kooks like us get together. It's a miracle."

Suicide Attempts. Miracle or no, Neurotics Anonymous, a nonprofit self-help program for the emotionally disturbed, can justly claim a modest success. It was founded six years ago by Grover Boydston, a Florida psychologist who, like all members, is generally known by first name only. N.A. now has 5,000 members in 250 chapters from Hollywood to Haifa. As with nearly everything else about N.A., the figures must be taken on faith. Names are casually counted, and any member can open a new chapter of the group any time he cares to.

For Grover, N.A. is the serene culmination of a misspent life: an unhappy childhood, five suicide attempts before he was 21 and a long downhill slide to alcoholism. Along this anguished course, Grover somehow earned a bachelor's degree in psychology from George Washington University. That and a therapeutic experience with Alcoholics Anonymous set him to thinking about applying A.A.'s principles to other fields of human distress.

Like A.A.'s host of imitators (Addicts Anonymous, Gamblers Anonymous, etc.), Neurotics Anonymous is a direct plagiarism—fully approved, to be sure, by its model. Each N.A. meeting faithfully follows the A.A. procedure, down to a reading of some part of A.A. principles, perhaps the "Twelve Suggested Steps" to salvation, modified to suit N.A.'s different objective. Thus, in N.A.'s Step 1—"We admitted we were powerless over alcohol"—the last word has been replaced by "our emotions." Unlike formal group therapy, in which the meetings are supervised by a professional, N.A. meetings are little more than hash sessions. Problems are ven-

tilated in a climate deliberately kept free of critical judgment. Every day the N.A. member promises himself that "I will criticize not one bit, and not try to improve anybody except myself."

As in A.A., Neurotics Anonymous members are expected to refer their problems to a greater power, preferably but not necessarily God. To an avowed atheist, one of Grover's lieutenants proposed in all seriousness that an ordinary spoon could serve as a divine surrogate. Grover himself has even suggested that nonbelievers acknowledge



PSYCHOLOGIST BOYDSTON
Preferably but not necessarily God.

the law of gravity as a higher power. Grover claims the same "cure" rate as A.A.—70%. In an exuberant mood, he will raise that percentage to 100%, arguing that "the program never fails for anyone who follows it." He can recite the usual dramatic case histories—like that of Elly, a housewife who joined N.A. after 13 years in futile psychiatric treatment. A few months later she filled a salad bowl with her collection of tranquilizers, sleeping pills and other drugs and flushed them all down the toilet.

Dental Comparison. Wishful thinking may well account for some of the impressive results that N.A. claims. The organization defines the neurotic as "any person whose emotions interfere with his functioning in any way to any degree whatsoever as recognized by him"—a definition unscientific enough to horrify formal psychotherapists. Hence the program tends to attract people who want to believe that emotional problems

are as correctable as a toothache—a comparison frequently drawn by N.A. members. "You have to keep going back to the dentist if you want to take good care of your teeth," says Grover. No one "graduates" from N.A., he adds, any more than the churchgoer graduates from church.

Neurotics Anonymous must be doing something right. It has gained the recognition of the California Department of Mental Hygiene, which considers it a useful adjunct to formal psychotherapy. The state's parole board distributes N.A. literature to parolees, as do mental hospitals and Veterans Administration hospitals elsewhere in the U.S. If N.A. works at all, it is because it allows people to share their emotional distress with other troubled but sympathetic members. "It's not the specific therapeutic factors involved but the responsiveness and effective human relationship that are doing good," says Dr. Edward Stambrook, head of the Department of Human Behavior at the University of Southern California. "It's sort of pathetic, in a way, that the quest for human warmth has to be disguised as a therapeutic quest."

Kicking the Smoking Habit

A characteristic common to many habitual cigarette smokers is that they would like to stop but can't. A recent experiment conducted at London's Maudsley Hospital by Psychiatrist M.A. Hamilton Russell suggests that the tobacco smoker can be literally shocked out of his habit. To a sample group of 14 heavy smokers, Russell administered electric jolts at some point during the smoking process. The results were as electrifying as the treatment. After an average of eleven sessions, nine of the 14 had given up smoking; three later relapsed into the habit, but six were still off cigarettes at the end of one year.

Russell's experiment is another application of what psychologists call aversion therapy. It has been tried, with limited success, on homosexuals, alcoholics and drug addicts—though in all cases the treatment is extremely unpleasant. A heroin addict, for instance, is given a drug (Scoline) that seriously impairs his ability to breathe. Just before the drug takes effect, he gets his usual dose of heroin. After several such harrowing experiences, he presumably kicks his habit.

Because Psychiatrist Russell limited his study to only 14 heavy smokers, its results cannot be considered conclusive. Moreover, Russell recommends the treatment only for those with a strong desire to stop. "Depression," he says in his laconic report on the experiment, "was the most troublesome side effect"—one that affected more than half of his subjects. One of his subjects, in fact, fell into such a suicidal funk at being electrically deprived of the urge to smoke that Russell sensibly dismissed her from the course.



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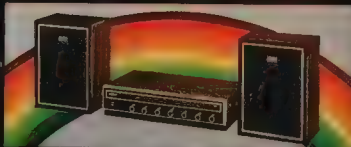
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EDUCATION

The President Bows Out

When a turn-of-the-century Harvard secretary was asked the whereabouts of A. Lawrence Lowell, her immediate answer became a legend. "The president," she said, "has gone to Washington to call on Mr. Taft." Many Harvard presidents have earned such awe. Of the four men who have ruled Harvard since 1869, three were giants among educators—Lowell, Charles W. Eliot and James B. Conant. The fourth, Nathan Marsh Pusey, a tough, capable and frequently courageous man, led a more complex university in a time that sustained few titans. Last week, in a long-awaited move, he announced his early retirement.

Before his appointment in 1953, Classical Scholar Pusey had spent nine years as the easygoing but highly principled president of Lawrence College (800 students) in Appleton, Wis. At Harvard, his persistence became a flaw. Long admired for integrity, he was eventually criticized for Olympian remoteness.

Rage and Reform. The first Harvard president not raised in New England, Pusey remained aloof from much of the faculty, and believed that his job allowed him little time to get to know his students. With his strong sense of personal morality, Pusey stoutly defended the rights—and jobs—of Harvard professors who drew the wrath of his one-time Appleton neighbor, Joe McCarthy. But in a different situation, his steadfast independence and his instinct to protect Harvard proved costly. Faced last spring with the S.D.S. occupation of University Hall, Pusey refused to negotiate and angered a large part of the Harvard community when he summoned police without consulting faculty and student leaders.

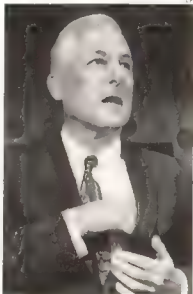
Pusey was an articulate defender of American education, and an effective advocate of federal spending to make it work. At Harvard, he restored the divinity school to national eminence, and appointed a series of innovative deans who went far toward reaching Pusey's great goal—making Harvard pre-eminent not only in most academic disciplines, but in all. A splendid fundraiser, Pusey tripled Harvard's endowment, more than doubled its endowed chairs, quadrupled its budget and put up 50 buildings. But during his 17-year incumbency, a decade of noninvolvement on campus merged with a decade of rage and reform, and in the end, much at Harvard changed faster than its 24th president.

Pusey will leave in June 1971, two years ahead of mandatory retirement. Characteristically, last spring's upheaval did not hasten his decision. Pusey made his retirement plans known to members of the Harvard Corporation more than a year ago, well before the April fracas. He fixed the exact date last June.

Pusey's successor will be selected by

the seven-man Harvard Corporation, which consists of Pusey, the university treasurer and five fellows. The decision must be approved by the 32 members of the Board of Overseers Corporation. Fellow Francis H. Burr, a Boston lawyer, will solicit suggestions from every segment of the Harvard community—overseers, alumni, faculty, students and perhaps even employees. "The search," he says, "will be as broad as possible and as unstructured as I can make it."

Four names are now being mentioned, though all may fade before the search is over. Yaleman McGeorge Bundy, 50, now head of the Ford Foundation, was



HARVARD'S NATHAN PUSEY
Steadfast but aloof.

admired during his tenure as Dean of Harvard's Faculty of Arts and Sciences, but is tainted by his past role in the Viet Nam War during the Johnson Administration. Hugh Calkins, 46, a Cleveland lawyer and corporation member, gained student respect for his efforts to explain the Administration's position during the April crisis, but he is not a scholar. James Q. Wilson, 38, a professor of government, has personal charm and experience in Harvard politics, but he is not an alumnus. Archibald Cox, 57, law professor and former Solicitor General, who was called on to examine and report on Columbia's 1968 disruptions, is viewed as a possible interim choice. Whatever the decision, a Harvard administrator asked: "Who in his right mind would want that kind of job?" He is not the first to wonder, "If any man wishes to be humbled and mortified," mused President Edward Holyoke on his deathbed in 1769, "let him become the president of Harvard College."

Unexpected Report

Amid the public indignation that followed disruptions at Columbia, Cornell and other New York campuses last year, the state legislature set up a Temporary Commission to Study the Causes of Campus Unrest. Many expected the commission—six legislators, a banker, an educator and a former city councilman—to recommend tough laws against student revolts. But last week the commission reported that serious trouble occurred at only eleven of New York's 212 colleges—and it praised the students' "sincerity and honesty."

According to the report, outside agitators were not significantly involved, and no new laws are necessary to prevent disruption. Marijuana laws should be relaxed, said the Commission. Student participation increased and the voting age lowered. Last year Commission Chairman Charles D. Henderson, a Republican state assemblyman, helped to draft a law compelling laggard college authorities to maintain order and denounced S.D.S. as "Students for Demolishing Society." Last week his prologue to the report sounded a far calmer note. "While few may want to admit it," he wrote, "the dissent of youth may have done more for higher education than any legislative body, offices of education or groups of educators simply because public attention has been focused on a burgeoning sick system and explosive societal ills."

The Next Voice You Hear . . .

In any well-run coup, the first thing to do is to seize the air. So 150 black students not only occupied four buildings but also managed to borrow the campus radio station at Amherst College last week. The varied crew of invaders included women from Smith and Mount Holyoke, men from Amherst, and both sexes from the University of Massachusetts—all within a twelve-mile radius of Amherst. Having taken their objectives, they issued demands for increased black enrollment at the schools—whose nearly 25,000 students now include only 650 blacks. They also called for complete control of a black-studies program that will enroll students from their four colleges, along with some from Hampshire College, a new school that will open four miles from Amherst next fall. "Innumerable meetings and countless proposals," complained a black spokesman over the radio, "have continually frustrated our efforts to determine the reality of our presence."

Fourteen hours after the occupation began, the students left. Their demands had not been met, but the problems were aired, which seemed to be the main purpose of the unusual demonstration. "The major issue is not the occupation," said Amherst's President Calvin Plimpton. "It's the underlying causes. All we have done now is face the problem. We haven't solved it."

MODERN LIVING

In Search of the New You

As waistlines keep expanding, so too do beauty resorts—the places that thin people like to call fat farms. Once the exclusive retreats of aging women seeking youth in a steam box, these all-purpose spas are now catering to a new clientele, the flabby, frazzled American male. Associate Editor Ray Kennedy, 5 ft. 10 in., 185 lbs., recently took the cure at La Costa, near San Diego, Calif. His report on one of the U.S.'s newest and most lavish spas

Though the La Costa brochure promises a "new you," a newcomer's first rejection is embarrassment with the old



FOREHEAD MASSAGE
A yin for every yang.

him. During the preliminary physical examination, Medical Director Dr. R. Philip Smith smiles benevolently and says that you are not fat; it's just that "your chest has fallen a bit." Sucking in your stomach, you proceed into the lush, hushed inner sanctum of the Men's Spa. The design is Spanish modern, the ambience neo-Nero. Through glass walls you see a garden with a Roman pool gurgling in the sun. Stationed here and there like bouncers are the "gentlemen technicians," muscular young men in tight, white T-shirts who seem to be flaunting their triceps at you.

Surrounded by such specimens, you stand nude for the weigh-in ceremonies and realize what a wreck you are. Then out of the gymnasium waddles some titan of industry looking like a grapefruit in his gold stretch-nylon sweatshirt. "Hi, tiger!" says Spa Director Ward Hutton. "You've got a good sweat going!" Wearing looking up, the titan mutters, "Hello, muscles." Suddenly you don't feel embarrassed any more.

Hutton, a physical culturist for 30

years, bounds toward you, pumps you an arm, gestures expansively and exclaims: "Instead of just existing, we're going to teach you how to live! We're going to get the toxins out of your system, burn off the fat and redistribute the muscle factor. It's gorgeous!"

BUTT KICKING First on your Personalized Toning-Up Program is a spin in the Roman pool. As you bask in the hot, healing waters, a gentleman technician offers cups of dietetic lemonade. Your poolmate, a balding man in his 50s, introduces himself. La Costa tones up such famous figures as Rod Steiger, Ambassador John Lodge, NBC President Julian Goodman, Gore Vidal, Kirk Douglas, Senator Jacob Javits, Sandy Koussir, President Gustavo Diaz Ordaz of Mexico—and you end up in the stew with a paint salesman from Poughkeepsie. "They really pamper you," he says, as a gentleman technician dries his back. "It's just one joy after another."

There is no joy in the gym. It looks more beguiling and comfortable than your living room—indirect lighting, wall-to-wall carpeting, floor-length mirrors—but right away you begin to hurt. "Hear that grinding noise?" says your chesty instructor, as he leads you through some neck rotations. "You're breaking down calcium deposits." During the pelvic lift, he explains: "This is good . . . one and two and lift . . . for hypokinetic tension . . . and two and hyperventilate. Bet you can't kick your butt," he says, kicking his butt. He is right.

BLOOD TINGLING While you recuperate in the sauna, a gentleman technician sprinkles the heated rocks with Russian pine oil and "a dash of eucalyptus for the inhalation." Then it's on to the Swiss shower, a kind of liquefied Iron Maiden. You stand surrounded by a firing squad of nozzles and *whoosh!*—needle-like jetsprays of chilling water riddle you from 16 different directions. "That," says a gentleman technician, helping you into a gold terry-cloth toga, "ought to get the old blood circulating."

Tingling like a tuning fork, you are then led into a shadowy room, wrapped in a sheet and stretched out on a padded table. Momentarily, you fear an autopsy. Instead a willowy brunet massages your brow with peachmeal skin cleanser. As your cuticles soften inside pink infrared booties and mittens, she applies a "mint masque" that hardens on your face like plaster. In the soft turquoise light, you barely feel your scalp simmering in hot oil. The strains of piped-in violins grow distant "Reelax," purrs the brunet, daubing turtle oil on your eyelids. "Let yourself go . . ."

BODY BASTING You are awakened in time for a class in "aquaerobics," exercises performed in a swimming pool in the Plaza del Sol. Class ends with you and four other naked men running

a race through the chest-high water. Hyperventilating like crazy, you are rescued by a masseur who rubs you down with avocado, almond and sesame oil.

Amplly basted, you are sent to hake in the Herbal Wrap Room, a darkened chamber with a flickering brick fireplace. As you climb onto a bed, you are rolled like a tortilla into sheets soaked in a steaming brew of "21 exotic Oriental herbs." When done to a spicy turn, you plop into a hydrotherapeutic bath frothing with sesquicarbates, lithium chloride, magnesium sulfate, hexachlorophene—everything, presumably, but cyclamates.

BELLY BUDGETING More appetizing recipes are offered in the spa's dietetic dining room. There guests bend over their menus like accountants, busily subtracting a prune whiff (40 calories) here and adding a rutabaga julienne (36) there. "Spooof champagne" is served from big icy bottles with popping corks. As your dinner companions chat about "bulging adipose tissue" and "draining metabolic pools," it's reassuring to discover that you are only sipping carbonated water with grape flavoring. Afterward, resisting an urge to drink the finger bowl, you wait like an addict for a "people bag" with a tiny apple inside—a fix for those late-night withdrawal pangs.

In discothèque class the next day, you try to do the temptation walk to the belting rhythms of Jr. Walker and the All Stars playing *Pucker Up Buttercup*. "Let everything bounce!" cries our instructor, a blonde Viking in pink tights who bounces without even trying. You bounce some more when, bypassing the triple-dip chrome barbells, you are harnessed to a rig called the wood roller massaging machine. Your reaction is immediate: "T-t-u-r-n-n-i-t-i-o-f-f-f!"

BACK WALKING All is calm in yoga class "Sink deeply into the floor," whispers our guru, demonstrating the corpse position. "Float away." Class ends, but next to you, Herb Zimmerman, a Wall Street broker, is still floating. "I see a little creek," he mutters. "Trickling water I'm actually *there*." Later, you and Herb are actually in a karate class taught by a black belt instructor. Wisely, as you hear your calcium deposits breaking down again, Herb suggests dropping out before you both qualify for the black truss.

And so it goes—for three days, at \$72 per day. For every yang there's a yin—the sybaritic pleasure of a pedicure is naturally followed by the sweet agony of a 102-lb. Japanese girl walking on your back, massaging each vertebra with her toes. There is the Siesta Room, where you lie under artificial stars twinkling in a midnight-blue ceiling. But there is also the Orthion, a space-age torture rack that rolls, vibrates, heats up and stretches you in two directions at once. The end result minus 5 lbs. "Nice going, champ!" says Director Hutton as he pastes two gold stars on your report card. "You just can't beat La Costa. It's a special world all its own."

MUSIC

Underground Toscanini

Back in the 1950s, when Clyde J. Key was a high school student in Fort Towson, Okla., most of the kids looked up to musicians like Elvis Presley, Fats Domino and Bill Haley. Not Clyde. His idol was Conductor Arturo Toscanini. In 1957, when Toscanini died at the age of 89, Clyde had a dream in which he came upon the old man's weeping, grief-stricken ghost in a desert.

"Why are you so unhappy, Maestro?" asked Clyde.

"Because I see my lifetime of service to music being swept away by the winds of time," came the spectral reply.

"Don't worry, Maestro," said Clyde, reassuringly, placing his hand gently on Toscanini's shoulder. "I won't let that happen."

Off the Air, Now 32, Clyde Key is doing his best to keep that promise. For years he has scoured the U.S. and Europe for off-the-air transcriptions of Toscanini broadcasts. Key now owns 5,000 transcriptions (all transferred to tape) of hitherto commercially unreleased material—a complete catalogue of broadcasts by the Maestro between 1913 and 1954. It also includes about 50 concerts that were never broadcast, but which were recorded surreptitiously by engineers supposedly testing their equipment. Last year Key launched the Arturo Toscanini Society. A private, nonprofit club based in Dumas, Texas, it offers members (about 500 so far) five or six recordings annually for a \$25-a-year membership fee. Key's first package offering: Brahms' *German Requiem*, Haydn's *Symphonies Nos. 88 and 104*, Strauss's *Ein Heldenleben*, all NBC Symphony broadcasts dating from the late 1930s or early 1940s. This year's batch will include Sibelius' *Symphony No. 4*, Mendelssohn's "Scottish" *Symphony*, dating from the same NBC period, and a Rossini-Verdi-Puccini LP emanating from the post-World War II reopening of La Scala on May 11, 1946 with the Maestro conducting.

Future offerings may include a number of Beethoven symphonies recorded with the New York Philharmonic during the 1930s, a performance of Mozart's *Piano Concerto No. 27* on Feb. 20, 1936, at which Rudolf Serkin made his New York debut, and one of the most celebrated underground Toscanini recordings of all—the 1940 version of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, which has better soloists (Zinka Milanov, Jussi Björling, both in their prime) and a more powerful style than the 1953 recording now available on RCA.

Because the Arturo Toscanini Society is nonprofit, Key believes he has successfully bypassed both copyright restrictions and the maze of contractual ties between RCA and the Maestro's family. Last week, RCA's attorneys were looking into the matter to see if they

agree with Key. As long as it stays small, the Toscanini Society appears to offer little real competition to RCA. But classical-LP profits are so low these days, and piracy by fly-by-night firms so prevalent within the industry (an estimated \$100 million in tape sales for 1969 alone), that even a benevolent buccaneer outfit like the Arturo Toscanini Society has to be looked at twice before it can be tolerated.

Whether it is tolerated or not, there certainly is a place for the society. The current RCA catalogue offers a good share of the works Toscanini loved and performed most often (such as Debussy's *La Mer*, the Beethoven and Brahms symphonies), but it does not represent the full range of his interests. One will not find Stravinsky's *Petroushka* or Gershwin's *Piano Concerto in F* on RCA's



CLYDE J. KEY

A labor of love, not loot.

lists, for example, but Clyde Key has them and hopes to release them one of these days.

Toscanini was fervently interested in the music of his own time, except that his own time was the early 20th century. The young Toscanini led the world premieres of Puccini's *Turandot*, La Fanciulla del West and *La Bohème*, of those, he issued a commercial recording of only the last. Toscanini had the most logical conducting mind in history; yet within that logic—or, more precisely, within the strict meters he often set for himself in later years—ran strong currents of feeling, expressed in heartbreak-heavy phrases.

Key's labor is clearly not for loot but for love. Last year he quit his job as an air-conditioner repairman to devote full time to the society. His parents have helped with the finances. Says Clyde's mother, Birdie Mae Key, explaining it all, "We figure it's both the Lord's will and the Lord's work to do so. And anyway, Clyde just has to keep his promise to Toscanini."

MILESTONES

Died, James Pringle, 51, veteran Associated Press war photographer of cancer in Rome. Pringle covered the Blitz, the Allies' advance across Europe, the Korean War, the Hungarian and Algerian Revolutions, winning his colleagues' esteem for his craftsmanship and their awe for his Irish fearlessness in the face of fire. "Why, they can't hit me," he once said as bullets buzzed overhead. "After all, I carry an Irish passport."

Died, Jules Munshin, 54, basset-eyed comic actor, veteran of Hollywood and Broadway; of a heart attack, in Manhattan. A seasoned vaudevillian, Munshin's hilarious antics in his first major Broadway role (a mustered-out soldier in 1946's *Call Me Mister*) established him as a star, and three years later he scored his greatest hit gagging it up with Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly as trouble-prone sailors in the film *On the Town*. Always drawn back to the stage, he went on to appear in such Broadway productions as *The Gay Life*, *Barefoot in the Park* and the revival of *The Front Page*.

Died, Major General George Gelston, 57, commander of the Maryland National Guard troops during the 1963 and 1964 racial upheavals in Cambridge whose cool, intelligent leadership prevented almost certain bloodshed, of heart disease, in Chicago. Gelston saw his choices as three: "You can club 'em to death, you can arrest 'em, or you can let them demonstrate—controlled and protected—and hope eventually for a peaceful situation." He chose the last course, and eventually arranged the truce that allowed him to withdraw his troops.

Died, Robert Neville, 64, foreign correspondent and former TIME bureau chief, of heart disease, in Rome. Neville had that knack of turning up wherever big news was breaking. As a New York *Herald Tribune* reporter, he arrived in Spain just a day before the outbreak of civil war; as a TIME staffer, he was in Warsaw as the day German troops crossed the Polish border. A wartime founder of the Mediterranean edition of *Stars and Stripes*, he returned to TIME in 1946, heading bureaus in New Delhi, Hong Kong and Rome before retiring in 1959.

Died, Alfred Newman, 68, Academy Award-winning Hollywood composer and conductor; of emphysema, in Hollywood. "If I want to write great music," Newman once said, "I have no right being here." Perhaps true, but he was honored with eight Oscars and 45 nominations for orchestrating such films as *Carousel*, *Camelot* and *The King and I*; on his own he scored such hits as *Love Is a Many Splendored Thing*, *The Robe* and *How the West Was Won*.

All told, he scored or conducted the music for more than 300 films in his 40-year career.

Died. João Café Filho, 71, former President of Brazil, who as vice president under Getúlio Vargas assumed office upon the dictator's suicide in Aug. 1954, quickly won a reputation as a fair-minded administrator, dedicated to stabilizing Brazil's chaotic one crop (coffee) economy, only to be forced into retirement by a heart attack after 15 months in office, of a heart attack: in Rio de Janeiro

Died. S.Y. Agnon, 81, Israel's most honored author and only Nobel laureate, of a heart attack, in Rehovot, Israel. Born in Galicia, victim and observer of half a century of stateless limbo in Europe, Agnon wrote with the wisdom of experience in his touching chronicles of the contemporary Wandering Jew—the nameless exile returned to the European town of his youth in *A Guest for the Night*; Kafkaesque fables of Jews transplanted from an ancient land to modern Israel in *Two Tales*. A virtual unknown in the West until 1966, when he won the Nobel Prize for Literature, he was long a cultural hero to his countrymen, a man who understood the stateless Jew's anguish and longing for a homeland. "Man," Agnon once wrote, "is defined as a being that moves."

Died. Ralph E. Flanders, 89, former U.S. Senator from Vermont, from 1946 to 1958, and a leader in the fight against Joe McCarthy; of heart disease in Springfield, Vt. More than once lawmakers chuckled at the homespun Flanders, who occasionally voted "yes or no—as the case may be" on Senate motions and once upbraided Ike for reeking tariffs on imported clothespins. But there was no laughter in 1954 when he risked his career by becoming the first Republican to challenge the feared Wisconsin Senator. Charging that he belonged to "a one-man party whose name is McCarthyism," Flanders introduced the censure resolution that led to McCarthy's downfall.

Died. Dr. Peyton Rous, 90, U.S. cancer researcher and virologist, who in 1911 first proved the existence of virus-induced cancer in animals, of cancer, in Manhattan. Though dismissed as "utter nonsense" at the time, Rous' discovery of a virus-transmissible cancer (sarcoma) was eventually accepted as a most promising lead in cancer research. It also launched his career at Manhattan's Rockefeller Institute (now University), where he perfected the first technique for preserving whole blood for transfusions and opened the way for modern treatment of liver and digestive diseases. It was not until 1966, more than half a century after his momentous cancer discovery, that he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Medicine

THE LAW

Rehabilitation v. Revenge

The most tragic irony of the American judicial system is the difference in treatment meted out to the accused and the convicted. From presumption of innocence to free legal aid, the rights of the defendant are guaranteed. Once convicted and sentenced, however, the individual becomes society's unwanted stepchild. He is allowed to waste away—and prepare for a continuing life of crime—in that charnel of cynicism and despair, the American prison.

No one is more aware of the contrast between judicial precaution and penal carelessness than Chief Justice Warren Burger. Some find Burger's vehemence on the subject rather odd; he is often seen as a strict law-and-order jurist whom President Nixon ap-

has engraved a sense of intolerance toward failed people on the national soul. Said Burger: "Few things characterize our attitude toward prisoners and prisons more than indifference and impatience with the failure of the prisoner to return to society corrected and reasonably ready to earn an honest way in life." Burger looks to psychiatrists and psychologists to shoulder much of the burden of rehabilitation. "A large proportion of criminal offenders are seriously maladjusted human beings," he argued, "and those who are not maladjusted when they go in are likely to be so when they get out."

Burger also scored the nearly total lack of worthwhile vocational training in American prisons. "It is no help to prisoners," he said, "to learn to be pants pressers if pants pressers are a glut on



PRISON ROAD GANG IN ARKANSAS
A charnel of cynicism and despair.

pointed to lead the nation's highest bench away from the liberalism of the Warren court. In fact, Burger is a vocal advocate of reforming the penal system to stress rehabilitation rather than revenge. Last week he reaffirmed his concern with prison reform in two tough speeches—to the Association of the Bar of the City of New York and the American Bar Association in Atlanta. He declared that the nation must "do something about the most neglected, the most crucial and probably the least understood phase of the administration of justice."

Intolerance. According to Burger, what is needed is a thorough rethinking of the American concept of justice. "We find lawyers and judges," he said, "becoming so engrossed with procedure, and techniques that they tend to lose sight of the purposes of a system of justice. We should stop thinking of criminal justice as something which begins with an arrest and ends with a final judgment of guilt."

Burger believes that a quirk in the American character is at least partly responsible for deplorable prison conditions. In the long view of history, he notes, America became a superpower practically overnight, a fact that he feels

the labor market." His two basic solutions, breaking down large institutions into smaller units that separate first offenders and teen-agers from older repeaters, and eliminating popular prejudices against ex-prisoners.

Price of Crime. Burger, of course, is not alone in his concern. President Nixon recently ordered Attorney General John Mitchell to map a ten-year plan for a complete redesign of the federal penal system. In a year of belt-tightening budgets, Nixon even asked for an additional \$9,000,000 for the U.S. Bureau of Prisons, raising its total allocation to \$88 million. Much of Nixon's concern was prompted by a report published by the President's Commission on Law Enforcement. The commission noted that the U.S. now has 200,000 prison inmates, and at least 40% of them can be expected to return after their release. At the same time, the commission predicted that the prison population will rise 7% by 1975, adding that the price of crime is virtually incalculable. Said Myrl Alexander, recently retired director of the Bureau of Prisons: "Revamping the system is going to cost a lot of money. But the people we're turning out of prisons are costing us a lot more."

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February 17, 1970.

Radioactive Scientist

With a license from the Atomic Energy Commission, a radiologist named Harris Levine began some dangerous tinkering at his New Jersey home. Using the radioactive isotope americium 241, he devised a technique for spotting counterfeit money. The trick was to contaminate the engraver's ink with a trace of a radiation-free isotope, boron 10, activate it with americium and then pick out the bills that did not properly respond to detectors.

Although the system failed to impress the U.S. Treasury, it has taught Levine a costly lesson. Last week, more than six years after he began the experiment, doctors reported that the radioactive isotope had found its way not only into the body of the 57-year-old researcher but into that of his ten-year-old son as well.

Radioactivity, of course, is an acknowledged laboratory risk. Since it was discovered in 1896, hundreds of scientists and technicians have been affected by various kinds of acute radiation poisoning, whose signs range from nausea and loss of hair to fatal blood diseases. But Levine's case, though hardly as serious, is highly unusual. He is one of the few people thus far who have been contaminated by americium, a man-made element that is being increasingly used by industry in smoke detectors, calibrators and anti-static devices.

Like Ten X Rays, Levine's plight was accidentally discovered during a routine radiation check of the New York state health department's radiological sciences lab in Albany, where he is now employed. At first, the state kept quiet about the case. But eventually a reporter heard about it, and state officials decided to head off scare stories by giving the facts. "From a public health point of view," they insisted, "there is absolutely no hazard."

They are probably right. Americium emits almost exclusively alpha particles, the nuclei of helium atoms produced by the isotope's slow decay into lighter elements. The alpha particles are so weak that they remain confined inside the victim's body. While contagion is virtually impossible, this is only slight comfort to the victims. As americium spreads through the body, it may linger in such areas as the liver, spleen and lymph system and eventually settle into the marrow of the bones. According to Pittsburgh Radiologist Niel Wald, a leading radiation specialist, the effect over a year-long period is roughly equivalent to the radiation produced by ten X rays. No one is quite sure about the ultimate damage to the chromosomes. The only treatment: intravenous injection of chemicals known as chelating agents (named for the chelae, or claws, of crabs and lobsters), which can draw out heavy elements like lead, radium or americium.

Fortunately, neither Levine nor his son seems to have been hurt by the poisoning. Even 300 times their dose has produced no ill effects in the two other known cases. But unless the radioactive element is removed, they will go right on "licking" as long as they live—and probably for some time thereafter. Americium has a half-life of 458 years; it takes nearly half a millennium for 50% of the isotope to disappear.

Birth of an Ocean

The Afar triangle is a 40,000-sq.-mi. portion of northeast Ethiopia that lies at the juncture of the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden. It is a land of jagged mountains and cliffs, treacherous earth faults, active volcanoes and below-sea-level deserts where temperatures rise to a scorching 131 F in the shade. Its only inhabitants are fierce nomads, one of whose reputed customs is to carve parts from battle victims and bear them home as trophies for

water are gradually being widened into oceans at the rate of perhaps an inch or so a year as the lava pours out of the rifts.

Tazieff contends that the Afar triangle is, geologically speaking, a section of the expanding floor of the Red Sea. That floor, he says, has been uplifted by earthquakes, volcanic eruptions and other activity linked with lava flows from the Red Sea rift—whose axis has somehow been displaced slightly westward in the area of the triangle (see diagram). But the uplifting is only temporary, he writes in *Scientific American*. Only tens of thousands of years ago, fleeing moment by geological standards, the Afar triangle was partially covered with seawater. As the Red Sea continues to widen and the subsurface rumbling goes on, he says, Afar will again vanish from sight beneath the waves.

Free Power. Not all scientists are willing to accept the Red Sea and Gulf of Aden as embryonic oceans. But Tazieff's evidence is highly persuasive. For one thing, much of the rock that his ex-



their women. Yet the most awesome aspect of this Dantean terrain is the inferno that may be hidden beneath it. After three recent expeditions to the Afar triangle, a Belgian volcanologist named Haroun Tazieff concludes that subterranean forces may slowly transform the area into a section of a large new ocean.

Many scientists have long thought that the region's unusually harsh landscape was one more puzzle connected with the peculiar geological formations of East Africa's Great Rift Valley, a 3,000-mile series of breaks in the earth's surface, which stretches as far south as the mouth of the Zambesi River. To Tazieff, however, it is an illustration of a more intriguing phenomenon: continental drift. After years of debate, scientists have finally become convinced that the earth's huge land masses are really moving. As they see it, lava is pouring out of a 47,000-mile-long chain of volcanically active ridges that cut through the oceans. The lava spreads from the undersea rifts and carries the continents along with it (TIME, Jan. 5).

An earth scientist's dreamland, Afar sits at the meeting place of three such giant rift systems. Two of these cleave the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden, and geophysicists think that both bodies of

peditions gathered in the area is younger and heavier than typical land rocks, and bears other similarities to specimens found on the ocean floor. For another, the desert regions of the Afar triangle are covered with a thick layer of evaporites, the salty debris left behind after seawater evaporates. Tazieff and his colleagues also found distinct traces of coral in the area's lava beds, plus a Stone Age ax that was actually encrusted with seashells—a sign that the relic was once covered by seas.

Before the Afar triangle sinks back into the depths—an event that Tazieff reassuringly says is still a considerable time off—the region could enjoy unmatched prosperity. Because it is so geologically active, he speculates that underground fields of superheated water and steam lie just below the desert floor. If Ethiopia and her neighbors tapped this free source of power, they could produce millions of kilowatt hours of electricity at extremely low cost. The electricity could then be used to support large new industries—aluminum, fertilizers and petrochemicals. Thus, one of the world's most forbidding regions might be turned into an area of unbounded prosperity—at least for the foreseeable geological future.

THE THEATER

Scary Bedtime Story

Good drama and absorbing theater are often intermingled and sometimes confused with each other. In solid drama, the playgoer is frequently told truths that he either has forgotten or never knew. In effective theater, the playgoer is sometimes seduced by the winning way in which lies can be told onstage, and by emotionally charged sophistries. This brand of engrossing theatricality is precisely what one gets in *Childs Play*, a melodramatic first play by Robert Marasco, 33, that resembles nothing so much as a scary bedtime story.

The setting is a Catholic boys' school. The boys are seemingly possessed by a plague of violence, savaging each other brutally and without ostensible cause. They stalk along the stairway and confront their teachers, lay and clerical, with an oppressively arrogant silence that makes the generation gap look more like an apocalyptic abyss. For better or worse, three lay teachers are closest to the boys. One is Dobbs (Pat Hingle), an American Mr. Chips, a cuddly Teddy bear of a man who sees his boys as substitutes for the sons he never had. His antithesis is Malley (Fritz Weaver), a martinet of Greek and Latin, a forbidding aristocrat of learning waging a slightly paranoid struggle for excellence in an age of slipshod egalitarianism. With tongues as foils, this pair fences throughout the play, and the acting level is simply sustained perfection. The third teacher, Reese (Ken Howard), is a puzzled innocent, a gym teacher earnestly trying to isolate the virus of evil that seems to have infected the boys.

Temper of the Times. The virus takes a toll that may make some playgoers blanch. There are three bloody beatings in which one boy has an eye gouged out and another is strung up dangling from the chapel cross. At play's end, one of the three teachers has been driven to his death.

To stress what playwright Marasco does well: he writes with fluent literacy and he can create a strong part with a spine in it. He traps the temper of the times, the currents of rebellion and uneasiness that almost visibly pollute the darty air. His clerical teachers are paralyzed by the lack of the very authority that they ought to represent. One priest, Father Penny (David Rounds), provides comic relief by the scabrously funny asides he delivers on his own soul-called vocation. But Marasco strains rather portentously to make his troubled school a metaphor for a sick world, and fails. Despite the fact that Marasco once taught in a boys' school, he seems not to know that children are astonishingly acute judges of their teachers, or perhaps the knowledge did not suit his plot. At any rate, logic is the last guest to bring to this breath-bating show.

Killer Farce

If Jules Feiffer could imbue a single character with a bundle of quivering, snarling petty neuroses and massive insecurities culled from Jules Feiffer's cartoons, he might have a mate to a Woody Allen show. The play that is struggling to be let out from his plays is the saga of the urban loser, frustrated by a world he never made and powerless to control or change it. This is the proposition Feiffer refuses to admit to himself. He still sees the theater as an instrument of social betterment. That is why he writes killer farces like *Little Murders* and now *The White House Murder Case*. The thesis is that the



BONERZ, DOOLEY & HOLLAND
Marx plus the Marx Brothers.

U.S. must either wipe out hatred, war, fear, injustice, deliberate public lies and the fatuous leaders who utter them, or these evils will wipe out the U.S.

To get this message across, he shuttles between being mad (angry) and mad (crazy), which is a little like trying to combine Marx with the Marx Brothers. Each tends to cancel out the other. In *The White House Murder Case*, a minor crisis of statecraft is in progress. "Operation Total Win," a maneuver launched during an undeclared war against Brazil, has suffered a slight setback. A U.S. nerve gas known as Peace Gas has floated astray and killed 750 American boys.

The Cabinet meets, and in a session of surrealistic gravity the members vie with one another to produce the mendacious explanation that will link the tragic event to the worldwide Communist conspiracy. Scarcely has this problem been resolved when another arises. The President's troublesome lib-

eral-minded wife is stabbed to death with the headless golf shaft that held a "Make Love, not War" placard. With the election only six weeks away, the President (Peter Bonerz) has no time for grief and after another Cabinet convulse the cause of death proves to be Communist food poisoning. That's about all the plot there is, except for numbingly bathetic side trips to dying soldiers in the foxholes of Brazil.

The fun mostly lies in the zany bits of business that Director Alan Arkin has injected into the Cabinet scenes and the comically proficient acting of such Second City alumni as Paul Dooley, Andrew Duncan and Anthony Holland. Holland, in particular, has been an off-Broadway delight for several years. His knees sag with melancholy. He can throw himself on a chair as limply as a discarded bath towel and rise from it with the agitated wiriness of a berserk coat hanger. Perhaps all he needs to be truly discovered is to have Neil Simon see the show, as he did Jimmy Coco's, and then build a surefire comedy around him.

How to Half-Die Laughing

Want to win a sure bet? Dare someone not to half-die laughing at Lou Jacobi in a slight but briskly burnished comic nugget of a play called *Norman, Is That You?*

Sour cream wouldn't melt in Jacobi's mouth, and his face looks like a bowl of stale potato salad. But he wears his troubles like epaulettes, and has he got troubles. He is the owner of a Midwest dry-cleaning establishment, and his wife has just run off with his partner who happens to be his brother. Seeking solace from his New York bachelor son Norman (Martin Huston), Jacobi arrives unannounced (if anything Jacob does can properly be called unannounced) and finds the boy nonchalantly involved in a homosexual liaison with a friend named Garson (Walter Willson).

To watch Jacobi try to pry this unorthodox couple apart, while simultaneously attempting to cope with the ideas of his wife's infidelity and his son's sexual apostasy, is the chief source of the evening's merriment. Jacobi's erring wife, played by Maureen Stapleton, arrives on the scene, is appraised of events, casts one horrified glance at the floozie Jacobi has imported for remedial therapy, closes her eyes, and bawls the show-stopping title line, "Norman, is that you?"

Director George Abbott, working on his 113th show, paces *Norman* like a cannonball express, and the humor is solidly grounded in ethos (Jewish), age (middle), attitudes (parental middle-class), and time (U.S.A., 1970). The co-playwrights, Ron Clark and Sam Bobrick, are nimble and abundant gasters, and while critical snobism frequently dismisses TV scripts as beneath Broadway contempt, the fact remains that funny is funny.

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BUSINESS

Economic Growth: New Doubts About an Old Ideal

*Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey
Where wealth accumulates and men decay*

—Oliver Goldsmith (1770)

UNTIL recently only dyspeptic philosophers, conservationists and a handful of academics dared to question the proposition that economic expansion necessarily fosters human progress. Each jump in the national output of goods and services has been treated as a triumph, each fall as a setback. Like other affluent Western countries, the U.S. has avidly pursued prosperity, convinced that a rising standard of living would ameliorate if not dispel most economic and social ills.

Up to a point, the formula has succeeded. In the past decade, for example, the ranks of college students have more than doubled, and the number of Americans officially classified as "poor" has declined substantially. But the glitter of growth has begun to tarnish. Full employment and a burgeoning list of other advances have not been matched by an end to poverty, racism or urban decay. More and more critics argue that obsession with economic growth has tended to blind men to the depredations that it leaves in its wake.

The litany runs through poisoned air and water to clogged highways, nerve-jangling noise, reeking dumps and an ugly, bulldozed countryside. Improved technology and advancing production have made life increasingly complex, frantic and wearing. Complaints are rolling in—not only from youthful rebels but also from the supposedly silent majority of Middle Americans, to say nothing

of scientists and politicians. Urbanologists fret about cities swollen to dinosaur dimensions that defy efficient management and create immense social costs through crime, congestion and drug addiction. Ecologists raise the specter of a planet made uninhabitable by the pressures of a rising population. Some environmentalists go so far as to advocate a no-growth society, they call upon rich nations to welcome declines in their gross national products.

For all that, continued vigorous growth will help to alleviate the very social and environmental problems that have brought on the debate. Job training, better housing, reliable transit systems, clean air and water—all these will require financing that only a rich and expanding economy can well afford. Considerable growth will be needed merely to cope with a swelling urban population. City planners figure that between now and the year 2000, the U.S. will have to double the number of its homes, office buildings, schools, parking lots, airports, garbage dumps and—unless human nature changes—its bars and jails.

The New Selectivity. Last month in his State-of-the-Union message, which contained remarkable echoes of ideas in John Kenneth Galbraith's *The Affluent Society*, President Nixon not only acknowledged the growing debate but suggested some solutions. "The argument is often made," said the President, "that there is a fundamental contradiction between economic growth and the quality of life, so that to have one we must forsake the other. The answer is not to abandon growth, but to redirect it." To do that he called for "a na-

tional growth policy" designed to create "balanced growth." "The time has come for a new quest," said the President, "a quest not for a greater quantity of what we have but for a new quality of life in America."

Growth policies of one sort or another have long been a fashionable federal concern, but a "balanced growth" policy is something new. To achieve it, the President can turn to taxes, money policy, federal spending, subsidies or other incentives for businessmen. For example, he said, "Government decisions as to where to build highways, locate airports, acquire land or sell land should be made with a clear objective of aiding balanced growth."

The Administration has already set its target for growth in the gross national product for the first half of the 1970s: an average 4.3% a year, compared with 4.8% during the past six years. The nation's G.N.P. is now approaching \$1 trillion a year, and even a 4.3% rate of expansion (calculated without allowing for inflation) would be considerable. By the end of the decade, it would raise the nation's annual output by \$500 billion. That figure may be difficult to reach. Having slowed the U.S. economy and probably tripped it into at least a mild recession to combat the rising cost of living, the Administration expects only a 1.3% growth this year, along with a 4.4% inflation.

The slowdown involves the three basic factors of economic growth: expansion of the labor force, workers' productivity and businessmen's investment. All show signs of tapering off in the early 1970s. The labor force is expected to grow at a declining rate be-



LUDDITES SMASHING SPINNING JENNIES



THOREAU FELLING TIMBER AT WALDEN POND

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GANDHI WITH HIS SPINNING WHEEL
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GA-BRAITH

cause it has been swollen to abnormal size during the past few years by the economy's overexuberant pace. In addition, FORTUNE estimates that productivity growth will be hampered by the continuing shift of workers out of manufacturing and into service industries, where gains in output per man-hour are harder to achieve. U.S. productivity has been increasing by about 3.2% a year since World War II, but FORTUNE expects the annual rise to be only 2.8% by 1980. As for businessmen's fixed investment, it climbed fairly steadily, from 9% of the G.N.P. in 1959 to 11% last year. Although the rise was a major reason for the fast economic growth of the past decade, many economists doubt that the 11% figure will be sustained in the future.

Away from Golconda. In his austerity budget for fiscal 1971, the President made a start toward reordering national priorities. He called for reductions in defense spending, space, and outmoded domestic programs, along with an increase in such "quality of life" expenditures as housing, welfare and job training. Modest though they are in size, the changes are significant portents for the future.

They also represent a political sensitivity to shifts in public attitudes. As the President said: "Never has a nation seemed to have had more and enjoyed it less." The feeling is prevalent in the U.S. that citizens are lost in an increasingly impersonal society, surrounded by a thicket of machines and trapped in cities that have outgrown human needs. America's new Thoreauvian yearnings are reflected in the trickle of the discontented out of cities and back to small towns, even at a sacrifice of salary or job promotion. Many middle managers now balk at transfers from field offices to corporate headquarters, especially in Manhattan, which was once considered an executives' Golconda.

The new skepticism about material growth contains traces of Jefferson, who

detested cities, and Gandhi, who was suspicious of much modern technology. Current attitudes also stem from what Historian Daniel Boorstin calls the nation's "tradition of self-liquidating ideals." In a paper presented to the House Committee on Science and Astronautics, Boorstin wrote: "Perhaps more and more Americans, surfeited by objects, many of which actually remove the pungency of experience, now begin to see the ideal—the ideal of everybody having the new things—being liquidated before their very eyes. Perhaps the annual model has begun to lose its charm." Henry Ford II noted much the same phenomenon, and he conceded that the glamour of the auto, the quintessential product of the high-growth U.S. economy, may be decreasing in the public mind (TIME, Feb. 23).

Today's debate over growth has also revived interest in the gloomy theory of Parson Malthus. Because more people mean more consumption and more production, a fast-rising birth rate has been considered a major stimulus to economic growth. But if present birth rates continue, man may overpopulate large sections of the world during the next century. Or he may so completely foul the air and water with wastes that he will snap the delicate balance of ecology that makes his planet habitable. Theoretically, the U.S. has ample space and resources to feed and house a properly dispersed population many times larger than the current 203 million. But more and more Americans are concluding that life would be more pleasant if the population became stable.

Challenges to Boosterism. The need to balance population growth against its social cost will wrench the thinking of bankers, storekeepers and politicians. Slower growth for Houston, Akron or Miami? The idea violates all the tenets of local boosterism. A tremendous amount of entrepreneurial effort is harnessed to the expectation of an ever-expanding population, with more custom-

ers for business. Yet in some circumstances, the best way to keep localities attractive would be to restrain population growth. Another way would be to alter local tax policies. Since most communities depend chiefly on real estate taxes for their revenues, their leaders often woo development that tears up the landscape while producing congestion and other social ills. But attitudes are changing in some places. This month, for example, a special study council created by the California legislature called for "a population distribution policy." More important, the council warned that the profits must be taken out of land speculation—perhaps by changing tax policies—if the state is to prevent "dehumanized, sprawling megalopolis monster."

Deceptive Index. Economic growth—the increase in total output of goods and services—is in many ways a misleading index. "Real" G.N.P., that is dollar growth minus price inflation, is a more meaningful indicator of prosperity. But no index takes into account many intangible gains: the benefits of wiping out a disease, for example, or the fact that U.S. workers have achieved an extra 22 hours a week of leisure time since the start of the century.

The debate over growth has exposed still another flaw in economic measurements. The G.N.P. indiscriminately includes social "buds" on the same basis as goods (or services). For example, the cost of bullets used in gangsters' guns goes into the national accounts with the same weight as the price of pencils or computers. Nothing is subtracted from the value of gasoline or autos because they befoul the atmosphere, or from farm output because fertilizer runoff helps choke rivers with green scum.

The National Bureau of Economic Research, which was once headed by Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns, is trying to revise the system of economic accounting so that it will gauge the cost of noxious factories, landscape

wreckers, noise and other "disproducts." The job will not be quick or easy. "I look forward to the day when statisticians add up the national accounts to take account of the depreciation of the environment," said Burns to the Congressional Joint Economic Committee last week. "When we learn to do this, we will discover that our gross national product has been deceiving us."

Dilemma for Businessmen. The demand for redirected growth presents a particular dilemma for businessmen. They must heed public pressure to stop activities that aggravate social or environmental ills even as they meet their responsibility to shareholders and employees to keep profits moving up. "A task of appalling difficulty lies ahead," says James L. Allen, chairman of the management consulting firm of Booz, Allen & Hamilton. "We must somehow encourage growth of the right kind—the kind that will alleviate our problems—while making sure we don't kill the golden goose."

Thoughtful businessmen are just beginning to grasp the enormity of the change that confronts them. By contrast with the 1960s, predicts Arjay Miller, former president of Ford Motor Co. and now dean of Stanford's Graduate School of Business, the 1970s will bring "increasing emphasis—and rightly so—on public goods." By Miller's definition, "public goods" are those not subject to the private marketplace, education, welfare, subsidized housing, safety, parks, clean air and water. "The shift from private to public goods is a tribute to the private sector of the economy," he says. "It has done a good job in meeting the demand for autos, TV sets and household durables. The old problems are pretty well solved."

Many businessmen correctly sense that concentration on the new problems will involve painful adjustments, including slower gains in sales and profits for some industries. The main thrust of Nixon's antipollution proposals is to force industry to pay the full social cost that its production entails. Businessmen worry that Government may force them to spend so much so quickly that it might impair the financial health of some companies. For a while at least, a ton of steel or a kilowatt-hour of power will probably cost consumers more if the manufacturing process avoids pollution. On the other hand makers of antipollution equipment may well enjoy a bonanza (see following story). There may be fewer autos in cities but more mass transit.

Microbiologist Barry Commoner (TIME cover, Feb. 2) pleads for a complete overhaul of the "progress through technology" ethic. He calculates that the U.S. must completely revamp as much as one-third of its productive system—farming, mining, papermaking and fossil-fuel power generation, for example—to repair damage already done to the ecological system. Commoner figures that not only would the cost be high,

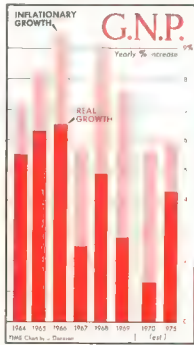
but that production itself would suffer in the process. Most economists, on the other hand, contend that total economic output would hardly be changed, and they scoff at the idea that growth itself is the real menace. They contend that the critics have picked the wrong villain, much as Britain's ax-wielding Luddite workers did when they deliberately destroyed new machinery during the early 19th century in the belief that machines swallowed jobs. "I cannot conceive of a successful economy without growth," says Walter Heller, former chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, speaking for most economists. "We need expansion to fulfill our nation's aspirations. In a fully employed, high-growth economy you have

Government authority that tries to tell them what positive actions to take. Public planning, except for the toothless variety, has until lately been regarded as outside the American credo. More than three decades ago, when Franklin Roosevelt set up the National Resources Planning Board, conservatives in Congress denounced the idea as subversive, slashed the board's budget and finally abolished the board altogether.

The idea may be more palatable now, especially if it comes from a Republican President. "Even in our highly productive and growing economy, resources are limited," noted President Nixon in his economic report to Congress. "Our problem, in short, will be to choose wisely what to do with our output and incomes. Large as they are, the claims upon them, what people expect of them, are even larger. There is no unclaimed pool of real resources from which we shall be able to satisfy new demands without sacrificing or modifying some existing claims."

The Ethical Choice. But businessmen argue with considerable merit that the apparatus of Government, as it is presently constituted, hardly provides wisdom enough to make all the right decisions about an economy as complex as that of the U.S. If the nation is serious about redirecting its growth, the biggest change of all may have to take place within Government, for only Government has enough power to carry out the task. A whole new set of personal incentives may have to be devised to overcome the tunnel vision and frozen attitudes that are endemic at most levels of local, state and federal bureaucracy. Congress presents a formidable barrier to any rational reallocation of national resources and growth. Revenue and expenditure committees rarely coordinate, and nobody has a responsibility for comprehensive planning. As a result most Government programs that promote economic expansion have amounted to piecemeal thrusts at laudable objectives. "I could not conceive of running a private business like this," says Illinois Senator Charles Percy, onetime head of Bell & Howell. "Just because the Russians invented the five year plan does not mean that we cannot use the idea."

Reshaping economic growth to create a cleaner, better society involves a difficult choice. How does the nation want to distribute its income and physical resources? There is a price that must be paid for raising the quality of life, just as there is for increasing the horsepower of an auto or the yield of a tomato patch. If the growth of production slows, the consumer will have less in the way of goods. But he may also be able to live with less noise, smog, crowding and anxiety. In some cases and some places, slower development can be a positive benefit. The job for the nation's economic managers now is to resolve the conflict between the dividends and the damages of growth.



a better chance to free public and private resources to fight the battle of land, air, water and noise pollution than in a low-growth economy."

Nixon's major messages this year carry hints of increased Government planning, though the President so far has remained vague about how it ought to be done and by whom. Even champions of *laissez faire* are rethinking their traditional antipathy to federal intervention against enterprises that congest, pollute or destroy. What businessmen ask above all is that the same prohibitions, penalties and incentives be applied throughout the nation, so that some firms cannot escape the cost of measures that their rivals must adopt. Says Chairman William F. May of American Can Co.: "We are going to have to accept centralized authority, much as we abhor the idea."

Though businessmen seem willing to accept uniform rules against social ills, they have usually bucked the kind of

INDUSTRY

Cleaning Up on Pollution

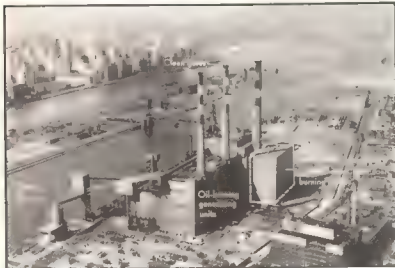
In the never-ending scramble for a rapid dollar, Wall Street speculators can be moved to frenzy by the vaguest rumor. Their response to every economic fad and fancy is almost a conditioned reflex. In the uranium boom that followed World War II, the magic words *atomic* and *nuclear* rang through brokers' offices with the authority of an inside tip. Just about any company that managed to get that magic into its name, or to pass the word that it had even a fringe involvement in the field, enjoyed a profitable play in the market. Since then, the speculative incantation has run through *electronic*, *transistor*, *missile*, *computer* and—in the recent franchising spurt—*fried chicken*.

The latest field to fascinate the speculators is pollution. Though the stock market has been drifting through the dol-

1969 invested an estimated \$1.5 billion—up 40% for the year—to control the air and water pollution they create. New York City's Con Edison, for example has spent \$60 million in the last decade on equipment such as a \$10 million precipitator to curb smoke pollution.

The avalanche of money is attracting many companies. Last week Merck & Co., the drug manufacturers, agreed to pay \$44 million in stock for Baltimore Aircoil Co., which earned \$1.2 million in 1969 by making cooling towers to control thermal pollution of water. Last month the Coca-Cola Co. announced plans to acquire Aqua-Chem Inc., a Milwaukee water-purification firm. Aluminum Co. of America moved late last year to set up a division that will develop and market antipollution systems.

High Fever. The pollution-control industry is smaller than the big-dollar amounts might indicate. About 1,000 companies claim to be in the act, but



ANTISMOKE DEVICE IN NEW YORK CITY POWER PLANT
Expansive talk, and an ever-rising bill.

drums in the past few months, new highs have been set by many companies that are concerned with the campaign to clean up the environment.

Avalanche of Money. Back of all the expanding activity is the expansive talk about the vast amounts of cash that will be needed for the big cleanup. The Federal Water Pollution Control Administration estimates that the cost of bringing polluted streams and lakes up to federal standards would amount to \$26 billion to \$29 billion between 1969 and 1973. Senator Henry Jackson of Washington figures that cleaning and deodorizing the air will cost \$12 billion to \$15 billion during the next five years. President Nixon has prepared a \$10 billion, five-year program to build municipal waste-treatment plants for U.S. waterways. Congress has already authorized about \$1 billion in funding for pollution control in this fiscal year alone. In addition, U.S. companies in

only 200 to 300 have any real stake. Among them are Beitz Laboratories, Research-Cottrell, American Air Filter, Sybron and Zurn Industries. Most antipollution equipment is neither new nor exotic. In air pollution, it consists largely of particle collectors for smoke stacks, fabric filters and electrostatic precipitators. Only 10% of the money spent on water and waste treatment goes into hardware, the rest is accounted for by labor, engineering and materials.

Dorothy Fels, a Pittsburgh-based specialist, figures that air-pollution control equipment is selling at a \$200 million-per-year rate. The market for water pollution control equipment, she says, is twice as large. Total industry sales are growing at 20% per year. Though there are certain to be failures, Wall Street has such a strong case of antipollution fever that most shares are now selling at prices around 40 times earnings, with some as high as 70.

CORPORATIONS

Ling Sticks with Steel

Forced to choose, James J. Ling decided last week that he would rather be in the steel business than in airlines and cable manufacturing. At the same time that he reported a 90% plunge in last year's operating profits of Ling-Temco-Vought, his once high-flying conglomerate, Jim Ling moved to settle a federal antitrust suit arising from his corporate acquisition of Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp. In order to hold onto the nation's seventh largest steelmaker, LTV will have to sell its controlling interests in Braniff Airways and Okonite Co. LTV also agreed in principle to refrain from "certain activities" for ten years—which probably means no more major acquisitions for that period.

Finding a Buyer. Acquisitive LTV has expanded since 1957 from an obscure electrical contractor into a \$3.75 billion-a-year corporation. Its takeover of Jones & Laughlin in 1968 was the largest conglomerate merger in history. After paying a very rich \$85 a share—or a total \$425 million for control of the company—Ling has seen his investment tumble by 59%. That Ling would now choose to get out of growth businesses and stay with a troubled company in a stagnant industry seems surprising. But LTV stands to collect some \$17.5 million in dividends from J. & L. for last year, while Braniff paid only \$5. million and Okonite \$2.1 million.

In effect, the Justice Department simply approved of what Ling was already trying to do. Financially hard-pressed, he put LTV's 55% holdings in Braniff on the block several months ago. Now the trustbusters have given him three years to sell out. The merger trend in the airline industry should make Braniff relatively easy to dispose of, Wall Streeters think that Pan American and Eastern are potential buyers. On the other hand, LTV's unsuccessful attempt in January to sell Braniff to Norton Simon Inc. may indicate a desire to find a buyer outside the airline industry and avoid possible objections from the Civil Aeronautics Board. Ling's sale of 82% of Okonite, which lost money last year, may be more difficult.

Conglomerate Decline. It was probably not coincidental that Richard McLaren, the U.S. antitrust chief, told a Senate hearing last week that a new law to curb conglomerate mergers was no longer urgently needed because the number of such tie-ups declined in 1969. He claimed that the department's "strong stand" against conglomerate mergers had helped to reduce them. The LTV-Jones & Laughlin case was one of five antitrust actions filed last year in a drive against conglomerates. None of the cases has yet been tried in federal court. The Justice Department is likely to continue attacking big acquisitions, but the move toward giving executives a choice of which companies to sell seems quite a flexible precedent.

AUTO INSURANCE

Toward Quick Payment

Crumpled cars, glazed-eyed victims, and blinking ambulance lights are depressingly familiar sights on the nation's highways. U.S. traffic accidents last year killed 56,000 people and injured 4,600,000 others. In addition to the human suffering, the economic loss amounted to \$16.5 billion in the form of medical costs, lost income, and property damage. The failure of auto insurance adequately to meet many of these losses has long been a subject of sharp controversy.

Most of the argument focuses on the fact that accident victims must prove

genuine claims could expect to receive payment within 30 days. To help hold premium rates down under the new plan, medical payments would not be made if a driver or his passengers already had adequate coverage through Blue Cross or another insurance plan. Nor would there be compensation for "pain and suffering," which New York officials contend is often a nuisance claim used by a victim's lawyer to win more money. Damages for permanent injury or bodily dismemberment would not be paid as such, but under the proposed system victims would be compensated for lost income for the entire period of their disability, in a manner similar to that offered by income-

said: "It is easy to cut the cost of insurance when you cut benefits or prohibit recovery of damages for a loss of a leg or an eye." By contrast, officials of Aetna Life & Casualty and the American Insurance Association, which represents 125 of the largest companies in the country, favor the plan. Moreover, T. Lawrence Jones, association president, believes that the new proposal would enable some insurance companies to stop losing money on auto policies.

The American Bar Association has already condemned the "no-fault" plans partly on the ground that they would deprive victims of the traditional adversary system of justice. No-fault insurance would also deprive many lawyers of many cases—to say nothing of their share in the insurance awards collected by their clients. The bill to establish the new system faces a rough time in the State Legislature in Albany. A majority of its members are lawyers.

MONEY

When Plus Is Minus

Can any enterprise show a deficit and a surplus at the same time? The U.S. Government seems to think it can. Reporting on the balance of payments last week, the Department of Commerce announced that on a "liquidity basis" (which includes the amount of dollars owed to all foreigners), the U.S. lost \$7 billion in 1969. By the "official reserve transactions" yardstick (which includes only the amount owed to foreign central banks and world financial organizations) the nation gained \$2.8 billion. Both deficit and surplus were records.

About \$7 billion of the gap between the two measures represented dollars repatriated to this country by foreign branches of U.S. banks to help beat the credit squeeze. These funds count as part of the "liquidity" deficit because they will have to be paid back. Even so, the huge liquidity deficit did not cause the tremors on foreign exchange markets that lesser deficits did only a few years ago. Reason: the dollar is stronger now than it has been in many years, partly because the whole international monetary situation has become more stable. The U.S. gold stock rose last year 9%, to \$11.9 billion, and the nation's total reserves are at the highest level since 1962.

Eugene A. Birnbaum, Chase Manhattan Bank economist and a veteran of the International Monetary Fund, was moved to question the relevance of balance of payments figures in determining whether Washington should continue restricting investment overseas. Said Birnbaum, "The way that the rest of the world regards the U.S. in a very broad economic and political context provides the true test for the dollar." The situation could change rapidly if foreigners lost confidence in the U.S. and suddenly started cashing in their dollars for U.S. bullion. But for now, the dollar is better than gold.



WRECKED CARS ON LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY
Removing the blame from the claim.

that another driver was at fault—and then collect from that driver's insurer. As a result, say critics, litigation causes long delays and ballooning premium rates, and many victims get no payment at all.

With the backing of Governor Nelson Rockefeller, New York State's Insurance Department has just proposed a new "no-fault" auto-insurance plan. The idea has already aroused the interest of authorities in many other states, some of whom have tried but failed to institute less comprehensive systems. The plan would provide prompt payment by sweeping away the legal need to fix the blame in cases of bodily injury. Instead, an accident victim could collect medical costs and compensation for lost income for himself and his passengers from his own insurance company. By minimizing legal, investigative and administrative expenses and other costs, this system, say state insurance officials, could reduce auto insurance premiums by an estimated 56%.

Since the question of blame would no longer apply, all victims with li-

ability would be covered by their own maintenance insurance. Premium rates would be calculated on the basis of income, age, medical coverage, the size of a family, and the territory. A Manhattan family of five with no young driver, medium medical coverage and an income of \$7,500 a year would pay \$84 a year under the new system, compared to \$179 under existing policies. A victim dissatisfied with his compensation could go to court and sue his insurance company for more. In cases involving a death, or drunken driving, innocent victims could sue the other driver's company.

Question of Negligence. The reaction of insurance executives is mixed. Donald Segreaves, vice president of the American Mutual Insurance Alliance, which represents 115 companies, insists that the plan would work a hardship on victims. They could not collect, says Segreaves, until they had exhausted all their other resources—accident and health insurance, wage-continuation benefits, union health-and-welfare benefits, Social Security payments and Medicare. A spokesman for Allstate Insurance Co.

SHOW BUSINESS

Simulating Siberia

The men are suffering, ice forming on their eyebrows, in their nostrils, their faces cloths wet with breath and the edges crusted with ice.

How do you get actors to follow such script instructions convincingly? Casper Wrede, the British producer and director of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, has a simple solution: make them cold and miserable. For the filming of Alexander Solzhenitsyn's bleak novel about Stalin's political prisoners, Wrede persuaded a former inmate of a Soviet prison camp, now living in Paris, to make drawings from which a grimly authentic set could be built. Then he took his all-male, largely English cast to a location in Norway 200 miles north of Oslo, where the topography, light conditions and bitter climate closely resemble those of Siberia. On that inhuman tundra, Wrede is trying to capture on film Solzhenitsyn's minutely detailed study of man's stubborn endurance in a world of inhumanity.

Since shooting began two months ago, the temperature has rarely risen above minus-five degrees, and more often it hovers a good ten or 15 degrees below that. The camera is equipped with arctic oil and a special heating element beneath the motor, neither of which keeps the film from going brittle and breaking periodically. The sound man has been forced to wrap his microphone in a woman's stocking to soften the noise of the wind that howls across the snow. In one scene that required going without gloves, Tom Courtenay, who stars as Ivan (and uses no stand-in), had to call a halt because he became much too numb to continue.

Focus on Details. Yet Wrede still shouts "Come out and get cold!" to his actors when they linger overlong in dressing-room trailers. He delights in closeups that capture the frost etched on a ten-day growth of stubble, or the gleam of a runny nose. "The rule in the actual prison camps was to suspend work if it reached 40 below," he says. "My rule is 39 below, not to be worse than Stalin."

Wrede and Scriptwriter Ronald Harwood have been scrupulously faithful to the novel. The movie offers no sweeping denunciations, no involved escape plots, no girls, no sex—just a tauntily understated account of 17 hours of physical and moral survival against crushing odds.

The effect, says Wrede, "is supposed to come from focusing on details—cadging an extra bowl of food, finding half a cigarette, making a compassionate gesture. We're being very wary of pretty pic-

tures, those *Zhivago*-style long wide shots." His cameraman is Ingmar Bergman's cinematographer, Sven Nykvist, whose austere lens could seek out the gloom in a travel poster.

Little Respite. Courtenay, whose previous film roles include the young revolutionary in *Doctor Zhivago*, prepared to play Ivan by having the crowns of two teeth removed, leaving only gold stumps. For a man who has had no dental attention for at least eight years, "anything less would look phony," he explains. He also dieted 7 lbs. from his 145-lb frame. "You can't really act in this. Before one scene in which Ivan eats, Courtenay starved himself a day so that he could "concentrate on cam-



ON LOCATION FOR 'DENISOVICH'
Frost on the stubble

era as if it really were my only food for a long time."

The 30 film makers stay eight miles from location in the mining town of Roros, in a hotel that has a sort of elementary ski-lodge comfort. But Roros (pop. 3,200) offers lamentably few distractions—and even they are not particularly accessible. "If her father answers," a young actor explains to the hotel operator, "he doesn't speak any English, so would you please ask him if she's in?" The cast passes the time devising new ways of getting six or eight layers of clothing beneath the tattered costumes for the next day's shooting. The *Times* of London published a letter from Actor Eric Thompson praising the "insulating qualities" of the copies of the newspaper—which he uses to line his boots.

A certain prisoner psychology is taking hold. One cast member recently denounced a hot meal served on location as "proper will." Another says darkly,

"We're even beginning to fight over extra bowls and hide away pieces of stale cake."

TELEVISION

Overhaul at CBS

After 15 years on top of the TV ratings heap, CBS has run into trouble this season. The result last week, as NBC and CBS announced their program line ups for next fall, was CBS's most drastic overhaul since the James Aubrey reign of the early 1960s. The network abandoned many of the traditional shows that had given it clear superiority in rural areas and among the elderly. It concentrated instead on its idea of sophistication. That meant the cancellation of *The Red Skelton Show* after 16 seasons, *The Jackie Gleason Show* after eight successful years and *Petticoat Junction* after seven.

In the ratings race, CBS is having its worst season since 1955. During NBC's 3% in prime even-*no-time* at a price. What is more, NBC, with its more urban-oriented schedule, holds a 29% edge in college-educated viewers and a 28% margin among those earning \$10,000 or more. Since such demographic breakdowns are becoming increasingly critical for sponsors, *Skelton* and *Petticoat Junction* were dumped even though they ranked among the top 25 programs in total audience. CBS also dropped *Lancer*, *Get Smart* and the Tim Conway situation comedy.

New Deal. Conway himself will be back on the network headlining a variety hour. So will two other old CBS sitcom stars, Mary Tyler Moore, who will play a career girl at a TV station, and Andy Griffith, who will no longer be a rustic sheriff but headmaster of a private school. Herschel Bernardi will be a fledgling executive in yet another comedy series. CBS's other substitutes will be city-slick, with titles like *The Interns* and *Store-Front Lawyers*. The intent, says the network's senior programming vice president, Michael Dann, is to "deal with the new scene." The reality may be something else again.

NBC is also doing some shuffling, but less than ever before. On the canceled list: *I Dream of Jeannie*, *Daniel Boone*, *Dragnet '70*, *The Debbie Reynolds Show*, *Then Came Bronson* and *My World and Welcome to It*. In their place will go variety hours starring Black Comic Flip Wilson and Don Knotts (from the old *Andy Griffith Show*) plus *Nanny*, a sappy-sounding sitcom with Celeste Holm set in the White House. NBC has also taken on CBS Castoff *Skelton*, although for a half-hour at a time instead of an hour.

ABC—still No. 3 but gaining (it lags 20% behind CBS)—has yet to settle its 1970-71 plans. Only certainties so far are professional football games on Monday nights during the fall and two new sitcoms one based on Neil Simon's *The Odd Couple* and starring Jack Klugman and Tony Randall, the other revolving Danny Thomas and titled *Make Room for Granddaddy*.

BOOKS

Oblomov for President

NOBODY KNOWS REFLECTIONS ON THE MCCARTHY CAMPAIGN OF 1968 by Jeremy Lerner, 189 pages Macmillan \$4.95

His campaign was one of the great disappointments of an implausible year. He piped up an army of some of the nation's best youth. As much as any other man, he helped to unhorse a President and turn the U.S. toward a withdrawal from Viet Nam. He seemed to represent those rare qualities in American politics: intelligence, restraint, courage. For a time, his followers thought, he legitimized a new politics of participation; 1968 became, as he later wrote, "the Year of the People."

Yet where is McCarthy? After his Year of the People came Richard Nixon and his Silent Majority. Two years after the New Hampshire primary, McCarthy seems to have abandoned his political base in Minnesota, where his once formidable organization is a shambles. He has resigned his powerful seat on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and taken to writing a monthly column for *McCall's*. In short, with the arrogant melancholy of a Nabokovian conjurer, McCarthy performed his trick, then packed his belongings and disappeared. Why?

According to Jeremy Lerner, a 32-year-old novelist who worked as McCarthy's speechwriter from Wisconsin to Chicago, the entire movement was based on an enormous misapprehension. McCarthy's political sensibility derived in some ways from his liberal Minnesota Roman Catholic background. "Here," says Lerner, "was a basic difference between McCarthy and the vol-

unteers who comprised the McCarthy movement. . . . For McCarthy, all temporal conditions were relative. For the people who worked for him, their ends here on earth—peace in Vietnam, racial justice in America—were absolute.

As the campaign went on, it began seeming to many in the McCarthy army that for the candidate, participatory democracy meant freedom to work out his eccentricities before an audience. In time McCarthy disregarded his staff's advice almost totally. "The man who was running on the issues," writes Lerner, "demanded acceptance on total faith—which was one of the qualities for which we bitterly castigated L.B.J." By midsummer, with the convention approaching and Robert Kennedy dead, "McCarthy regressed to his balanced presentation of self, to the sacred ceremony of his personality." Gloomily, Lerner thought of Simon and Garfunkel's *Mrs. Robinson*: "Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio? A nation turns its lonely eyes to you."

Looking Backward, McCarthy's passivity, Lerner came to suspect, was hard to distinguish "from a fear of looking bad. In this he was not unlike certain athletes who would rather lose than go all out to win." But beyond that, there seems in retrospect a certain ascetic bleakness in the candidate's character and a perverse satisfaction in disappointing the expectations of others. McCarthy seemed to cherish his acedia, his spiritual Oblomovism. He emerges from these pages as an almost hermetically private man who one day—defying all logic and expectation—challenged the President and enlisted a tremendous genuine but misplaced popular passion. McCarthy's followers must now wonder whether they did not fall in naively behind a brooding circuit rider whose attention was fixed all along on some interior stage. McCarthy carried the flag for a considerable popular uprising. Yet his net effect, in retrospect, was to tame and domesticate dissent—to lead it to the Chicago Stock Yards. It belatedly erupted on Mayor Daley's streets, but soon afterward McCarthy vanished.

If only because he is a man of some profound scruples, McCarthy is an American political oddity. Perhaps no other politician has campaigned on the premise that the very act of seeking power is corrupting. This became the central paradox of his fight: he was scrupulous to avoid seeking the presidential power even while he sought it. Lerner believes that McCarthy might actually have been elected President—a proposition that is debatable and unprovable. What he really means is that McCarthy could have won if he had been a different kind of man. But then a different kind of man would never have taken on a lost cause in New Hampshire in the first place.



IRA LEVIN

Fight is a four-letter word.

E Pluribus Uni

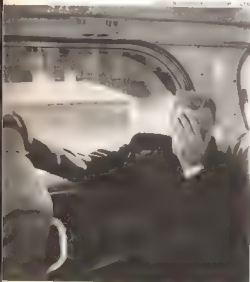
THIS PERFECT DAY by Ira Levin, 309 pages Random House \$6.95

This novel, the author's first since *Rosemary's Baby*, has odd minor fascinations—like the work of a soap sculptor or a first-rate Christmas cookie froster. It is set a couple of centuries hence and rather predictably envisions mankind living passive and at peace under the tutelage of a gigantic computer named Uni. It does out compulsorily will-killing drugs and makes the major decisions of every man's life. Yet the characters seem more pompous than drugged. The plot, despite a few captivating wrinkles, is the classic man-beats-awesome-machine gambit borrowed from science fiction.

Perfect Day's main appeal, however, is not to sci-fi addicts but to collectors of utopian minutiae. In Uni-land, for instance, men have no beards. Women have no breasts, but whether for sheer efficiency or simple streamlining one never knows. Everybody dies at exactly age 62. Sex begins at 14 and can be had with anyone one likes, but on Saturday night only. So much for tub night!

Instead of *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God*, people sing "One mighty Family, A single noble race, Sending its sons and daughters bravely into space."

The common obscenity is "fight" as in "fight you" or "you brother-fighter." On less vehement occasions the universal expression is "Christ, Marx, Wood and Wei," the four deities of the drugged society. Christ and Marx, O.K. Wei is a mischief-making Oriental sea who appears in the book. But who's Wood? The author has hinted that he made Wood up. But could it possibly be Speed-Reading Guru Evelyn Wood, who has, after all, taught millions to read by waving their fingers over the text?



EUGENE MCCARTHY IN NEW HAMPSHIRE, 1968
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Huckleberry Jam

THE TRUE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN by John Seelye, 339 pages Northwestern University \$7.50

John Seelye has pulled off one of the best literary stunts in a long while. He has substantially altered *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* in a pucky attempt to satisfy those critics who have found Mark Twain's masterpiece either artless, craftless, sexless, a gaffless accommodation with commercialism or an overstuffed moral cop-out.

In doing so, Seelye, a 39-year-old associate professor of English at the University of Connecticut, has not only produced a lively, ribald narrative. He has also created a unique work of what can best be described as picaresque criticism. As Seelye's Huck Finn says in the introduction to his "true" adventures, "I want you to understand that this is a different book from the one Mr. Mark Twain wrote. It may look like *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* at first sight, but that don't mean a thing. Most of the parts was good ones, and I could use them. But Mark Twain's book is for children and such, whilst this one here is for crickets. And now that they've got their book, maybe they'll leave the other one alone."

Mark Twain anticipated the "cricket" problem when he first published *Huckleberry Finn* in 1884. In a prefatory notice he warned that persons attempting to find either motive, moral or plot in the novel would be respectively prosecuted, banished or shot. It was like a carrot farmer putting up a no-trespass sign for rabbits. The book was pouced on immediately by the upholders of the well-made novel and 19th century gentility. Most critics found it shapeless, and vulgar. "If Mr. Clemens cannot think of something better to tell our

pure-minded lads and lasses," said Louisa May Alcott, "he had best stop writing for them." Such scoldings came despite Mark Twain's prepublication agreement to eliminate references to blasphemy, bad odors, dead cats, and to change the phrase "in a sweat" to "worrying."

John Seelye puts that sort of stuff back in, with additions that will surely get Huck Finn an X rating at the local library. The "true" Huck not only commands all the four-letter words but has sex fantasies and responds to adolescent needs without Alexander Portnov's aftereffects. Seelye himself answers Critic Leslie Fiedler's interpretation of Huck and Nigger Jim's relationship as homosexual by casually casting the bogus King as a dirty old man. Jim's only contribution to vice is to introduce Huck to the pleasures of hemp smoking.

The True Adventures also does away with most of the original's minstrel-show banter and the historical references that some critics have felt were inappropriate—coming from the mouth of a 14-year-old school dropout. But Seelye does his largest alterations on *Huckleberry Finn*'s ending, which, through the years, has caused the most serious critical harrumphing. In Mark Twain's original, the Duke and the King sell Jim out as a runaway slave for \$40. Shortly afterward, Tom Sawyer makes a convenient entrance into the story, and he and Huck plan to free Jim and take off for more adventures on the river. After a good deal of rigmarole, however, Tom reveals that the escape plan is only a game because Jim's owner, Miss Watson, has died and willed the slave his freedom.

Even such an admirer of *Huckleberry Finn* as Ernest Hemingway, who viewed the book as the beginning of modern American fiction, thought the ending was a cheat. Less forgiving critics felt that Mark Twain contrived the upbeat conclusion as a piece of benign claptrap to solve the matter of Jim's freedom.

Seelye's revised ending is sympathetic to Hemingway, although it goes a bit farther. Jim drowns while trying to escape a band of bloodthirsty, reward-hungry rednecks, and Huck is so disgusted and depressed that he doesn't give a damn what happens next. Seelye not only repeats the theme of boyhood innocence in much the same way that J. D. Salinger did in *Catcher in the Rye*, he also dents the romantic American notion of limitless freedom on an endless frontier. The "true" Huck doesn't eagerly "light out for the Territory ahead of the rest," as Mark Twain concluded, he funks out in the Mississippi mud.

Seelye's ending is in keeping with Mark Twain's brand of easy cynicism. But to get lost in such critical preoccupations is to buck the refreshing main current of Seelye's book. For the professor was clearly out to have a little extracurricular fun—not the least of which was the excuse to reread the original *Huck Finn*.



HEINRICH BÖLL

A sad country without sadness.

The Moral Magician

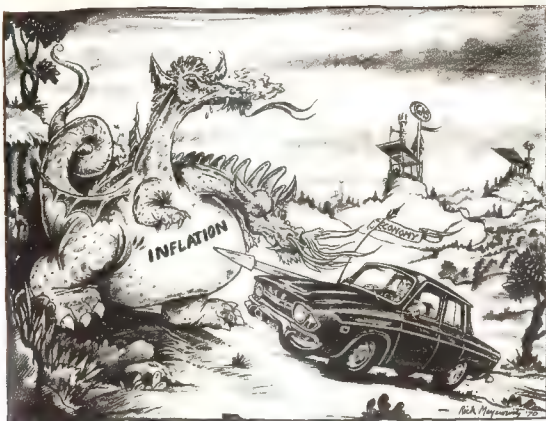
CHILDREN ARE CIVILIANS TOO by Heinrich Böll, 189 pages McGraw-Hill \$5.95

It is a rare event when a first collection of short stories can seem as important as a novel. Usually the vision is too fragmented, the style too eclectic, the sense of art mixed with purposes still unaccomplished. Yet between 1947 and 1951, when Heinrich Böll first published these stories in Germany, some critics saw him as the natural heir to the stately mantle of Thomas Mann. Böll had endured World War II. His emergence afterward as a mature writer was encouraging proof that the war had not destroyed German literature entirely. In his writing, almost alone in the early postwar years, Böll wrestled with the question of Germany's guilt and corruption. Bitter irony marked his work, but also extraordinary grace and compassion. His subsequent novels, particularly *Billiards at Half-Past Nine* (1959) and *The Clown* (1963), enhanced his reputation—along with the much younger Günter Grass—as Germany's most profoundly committed writer.

Most of Böll's early stories, now published in English for the first time, concern soldiers and civilians confronting war and its immediate aftermath. They deal with the experiences of soldiers that now seem literarily familiar: drinking together before death; discovering love with an unknown girl; revealing the news of a husband's death to a woman who has taken up with another man; suddenly discovering that one's arms have been blown off. Yet Böll's realism, touched with irony and occasional moments of lyricism, has preserved freshness of emotion. "I was alone in this town," one lost soldier recalls. "the sky hovering overhead like a soundless drizzle that was about to crash." Instead of settling to a level of cliché,



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The Meaning of True Grit

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and you fall on the floor,
'cause your legs aren't working right

you're weary and teary
and mad and sad
from fighting the punishing fight

the floor gives a jump
and your bones come down *bump!*
when the Easter Seal Lady says, "Please"

but you keep on trying,
keep right on trying
to raise yourself up off your knees.

*So it's snuffle the nose,
and knuckle the eye,
the battle is just begun;
then give it another bloody try—
you've got true grit, my son.*

"I got true grit!"



We help crippled kids find true grit

Easter Seal Fund Appeal

Address: "Crippled Children," c/o Your Local Postmaster



Böll's brief glimpses, even of Nazi soldiers struggling to retain essential humanity, acquire a lasting and humane relevance for any country and any war.

But Böll has another voice. "This is a sad country without sadness," he wrote in the magazine *Der Monat* in 1965, describing postwar Germany. He explores that paradox with Kafkaesque laughter in a story about an argument between a veteran who has lost a leg and an impatient bureaucrat who denies the soldier a higher pension. "I think that you grossly underestimate my leg," the veteran remarks. Then he wryly proceeds to relate how, if he hadn't lost his leg, he would have run away and not warned some officers of an impending attack. And that has actually cost the government huge amounts of pension money for the very officers he consequently saved.

Böll's victims include an orphaned boy allowed to die because a doctor is off selling drugs to the black market, a veteran who becomes the human outline for a knife thrower and finds the "courage born of despair," a derelict in a Communist country who is arrested for breaking the law by wearing a sad face. These are the legion of the lost unable to cope with either the wartime guilt or the moral vacuum created partly by the astounding material success of Germany's postwar economy.

Through his art Böll hopes to attain, as he describes the expression of one of his characters, "something between obsession and detachment, something magical." The magic succeeds for heartening reasons. Böll puts narrative above experimentation. His "neo-realism" cares more for compassion than savage attack. His moral vision deals with the guilt in the technically innocent. Above all, Böll continues to be loftily serious about an age that many writers have given up as mad.

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Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, Fowles (1 last week)
2. *The Godfather*, Puzo (2)
3. *The Gato That Couldn't Shoot Straight*, Breslin (5)
4. *The House on the Strand*, du Maurier (3)
5. *Travels with My Aunt*, Greene (6)
6. *The Inheritors*, Robbins (4)
7. *Puppet on a Chain*, MacLean (8)
8. *The Seven Minutes*, Wallace
9. *Mr. Sammler's Planet*, Bellow
10. *Fire from Heaven*, Renault (7)

NONFICTION

1. *The Selling of the President 1968*, McClinnie (1)
2. *Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Sex*, Reuben (3)
3. *Mary Queen of Scots*, Fraser (2)
4. *Present at the Creation*, Acheson (4)
5. *The American Heritage Dictionary* (5)
6. *In Someone's Shadow*, McKuen (10)
7. *The Graham Kerr Cookbook*
8. *The Collapse of the Third Republic*, Shiir (6)
9. *The Peter Principle*, Peter and Hull (7)
10. *Love and Will*, May

CINEMA

Too Much Fun

To Lose Your Head

"Louis?" scoffs Marie Antoinette. "He has the brains of a chicken." In the metaphorical excess of cinema courtiers, the Duke d'Escargot reminds her: "The brains of a chicken coupled with the claws of two eagles may hatch the eggs of our destruction."

The dialogue of *Start the Revolution Without Me* oscillates between satire of late Chateaubriand and early Coward. Such deliberate flatulence and obvious double-entendres make for bright, brittle repartee but also a total lack of focus. The film first spoofs Fairbanks-Flynn epics. Then it attempts to satirize Byzantine court intrigue and ends in boudoir farce. In his overzealous attempt to create rococo madness, Pro-

the revolutionaries. In the fray the peasant brothers filch their counterparts' violin case containing their noble credentials. After that, *le déluge*.

Incipient Insanity. What keeps this centrifugal production from flying apart is extravagantly funny performances by Wilder, Griffith and—especially—Sutherland. Wilder's frenetic talents are perfectly pitched to the neuroathletic Philippe de Sisi. Griffith wears his patented oblique stare of incipient insanity as the feckless, fatuous Louis. Sutherland is both immensely vital and painstakingly subtle. His lumbering lout is a Gallic version of Steinbeck's Lennie. Yet with a tiny *moue* he transforms the sow's-ear peasant into a silken, purse-lipped aristocrat. Alternately bumbling and mincing, Sutherland irreverently manages to impale both *égalité* and *élégance*.



WILDER, SUTHERLAND & BOUDOIR COMPANIONS
Between late Chateaubriand and early Coward.

ducer-Director Bud Yorkin ignores comic economy. Orson Welles' opening narration is gratuitous, and his appearance at the end creates an anticlimax that almost guillotines the movie.

Perfumed Fringes. Still, this is one French Revolution that is too much fun for anyone to lose his head over critical objections. The film's condemned premise is that the revolution could have been averted. The Duke de Sisi of Corsica and a humpious farmer have their respective sets of twin boys mixed up by a harried doctor. One unmatched pair (Gene Wilder and Donald Sutherland) become the murderous, exquisitely aberrant "Corsican Brothers," existing on the perfumed fringes of the aristocracy. The other two (also Wilder and Sutherland) grow up to be swinish revolutionary hangers-on.

The Duke d'Escargot (played with prinking precision by Victor Spinetti) persuades the Corsican Brothers to help him overthrow Louis XVI (Hugh Griffith). As the Corsicans approach Paris in disguise, their boat is attacked by

One-Jewel Movement

"So this is what it's come to in Calloosa County," rumbles the mayor (Fredric March) of a small Southern town. His dismay is understandable. For one thing, those "organizers from up North" have come down, rallied the blacks and got them to elect a black sheriff named Jimmy Price (Jim Brown). This acts as something of an irritant to former Sheriff John Little (George Kennedy), who bears up pretty well under the shame of it all, considering that the kids on the school bus make fun of his daughter and he has nothing to do all day but mow the lawn.

Meanwhile, Sheriff Price is having problems of his own. The town rednecks—an ill-assorted bunch that makes the population of *Tobacco Road* look like the Princeton Triangle Club—keep glowering at him from their pickup trucks. A former deputy (Don Stroud) is out to kill Price for sure, and the son of the county's millionaire political boss is in jail for manslaughter. Not-

ing will do, of course, except for the black sheriff and the white ex-sheriff to get together to combat the forces of racism and oppression.

Any relationship between the plot of this clumsily simple-minded melodrama called . . . *tick* . . . *tick* . . . *tick* . . . and the slick simple-mindedness of *In the Heat of the Night* is a lot more than coincidental. Director Ralph Nelson (Time, Feb. 2) is obviously a man whose political conscience is easily stirred, probably by reading the box-office receipts in *Variety*. Everything about his film is tacky, derivative, finally exploitative—except for a funny and wise performance by Fredric March. As crafty Mayor Jeff Parks, March transforms a dime-store piece like . . . *tick* . . . *tick* . . . *tick* . . . into a one-jewel movement.

Woodshed Sex

The U.S. Customs Bureau office barred it as obscene. Readers found it shocking and scandalous. But since 1964, the courts and the public have acknowledged that it was only Henry Miller letting go his barbaric yawn over the rooftops of Paris. Today *The Tropic of Cancer* is available without prescription in drugstores all over America. And now, for anyone over 17, it is presented in motion-picture form, dirty words and all. Director Joseph Strick's last adaptation was *Ulysses*, which suffered not from infidelity to the text but from an insufficiency of imagination. In *Tropic of Cancer*, he again provides a verbatim stream of self-consciousness on the sound track, illustrating it with a series of dislocated vignettes. The result is a woodshed sex lecture with lantern slides.

Miller's crapulous expatriates have a vitality that even Strick cannot quash. Their scatological, X-rated fury at a world that has the audacity to be imperfect is still molten. And their alternate curses at and apostrophes to the female pudenda retain a primal humor. But anyone who has read or watched the real Henry Miller knows that the author possesses a sly, ribald wit that is entirely absent from Rip Torn's somnambulist impersonation. Leeching meals and wives from the bourgeois, Miller-Torn provides neither charm nor intelligence; it is impossible to believe that he would be invited out for a drink, much less in for the night. Moreover, though his dialogue is fixed in the '20s, his scenes are mired in the '60s. The female of the species have a few humorous lines, as when a naked *contessa* looks up at her slaving lover and whispers, "Ave I told you dat I 'ave de clap?" But the men all founder with such painful lyrics as "her organ was her treasure, even though she sold it each night for a few pieces of silver."

In 1934, when he published *Tropic of Cancer*, Miller could justly claim that he was 20 years ahead of his time. The film version, unhappily, is as many years behind—one more boozy, verbose old victim of the Lost Generation gap.


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and succeeded, he enjoys ordering things just because they're expensive.



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